

more than i thought i did

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by [quartzfia](#)

Summary

He'd known George was small, he was very open about the fact in his teases and chides, but he'd never fully let himself understand their proportions, as the ocean between them was not moving any time soon, so it didn't seem to matter. Now he was faced with the fact that George was really small.

Some deep, guttural part of him seemed to like it, too.

Or, in which Dream lets himself indulge in fanworks and realizes a few too many things about both himself and his best friend during his fall.

music notes

Chapter Summary

Dream hears about Twitter art he's never stumbled across and decides that needs to change.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was a dono, a stupid fucking dono that got him into a heaping mess.

“Hey George! I was wondering why all your clothes look super oversized, like, why so big?”

The words hummed through the blonde’s headset as a smirk pulled at his mouth.

Dream really did love moments like these, with either the brunette or Sapnap streaming while he listened idly and scrolled through Twitter. He’d grown used to occasional screams and yelps, the odd dono here and there he could snort and cringe at without repercussions, but all in all, he truly loved the tranquility. His eyes glanced back up at the monitor in front of him, fixating on George’s face as he let out a soft laugh, and tried to answer.

“I just prefer it! I don’t really-”

“-It’s because he’s small,” Dream piped in, breaking his silence. George’s eyes rolled at the comment before scoffing and drumming one of his hands against the wood of his desk.

“Oh, so *now* Dream wants in on the conversation.”

“He’s very, what did I say to Sapnap? *Petite!* You’re very petite,” The blonde laughed, moving his leg and nudging a soft ball of fluff curled by his chair. Patches moved her front paws to bat at his ankle.

“You’re not even that much taller than me!” George whined, crossing his arms and glancing at chat which was already whizzing by with a sea of “dnf!!!11!!!” and “CLIP IT”.

“You’re like what? 4’9-”

“*Hey -*”

“Okay, 5’9, that’s a whole six inches shorter, and Sapnap says I’m probably taller than 6’3 anyways,” Dream rambled off again, smile growing wider than would’ve been considered normal for the context. He heard a small snort through his headset and saw the brunette covering his face with one hand covering a dopey grin.

“Six inches, Dream?”

It took a few seconds for the joke to register, before he felt his face heat up immensely and wheezed out a laugh. It was times like these he truly valued not using facecam ever for streaming and rarely with his friends.

“Shut the hell up! What is wrong with you, George?”

Their laughter melded together from across an ocean, while Dream’s mind was stuck replaying the image of George covering his mouth with a hoodie sleeve, giggles seeping over. His goal was to make George laugh anytime he could, just to see or hear a sliver of a smile. The warmth that bloomed in his chest when he succeeded was worth every second of embarrassment. It superseded any negative emotion he could possibly feel; Anything was worth that moment.

“It’s not my fault I’m bigger than you,” He got through wheezes, only procuring a harder laugh at the insinuation. His head felt light and dizzy as he tried to maintain breathing.

“*Dream* ! Can you go one sentence without a euphemism?”

Giggles filled his ears again and his heart began pounding and thumping the way it always did when moments like these arose.

Dopamine produces adrenaline , is what Google had told him, meaning he would listen and not question it further.

“I didn’t even mean that one, seriously.”

“For some reason I don’t believe you.”

The blonde moved a hand to the water bottle on his desk, glass clanging lightly against the wood as he moved it to his lips, willing the pink tint under his freckles to fade. He really did revel in moments like these.

George went back to grinding out new gear on the SMP, while Dream checked his Twitter timeline, already seeing clips from what happened minutes earlier.

-@B00H00CR4CK3R

“stop shipping dnf” tell dream and george to stop dating then /hj

-@enderpearlwnobrim

i am suddenly extremely homophobic, get these gay mfs OUT

A soft rumble spread through his chest as he continued to scroll, he’d grown used to the “suddenly homophobic” jokes and nods to them dating or being sus. It honestly made him enjoy it more, and push the brunette’s buttons further to see what reaction it would stir up from the community.

Oh, and George’s smile. Although, that one always placed higher on his list.

Another donation dragged him back to reality.

“George have you seen the twitter comparisons of your guys’ hands before, Dream’s are definitely bigger-”

“- *Hah* see, I told you,” Dream cut in, smirking again, absentmindedly glancing down at his hands,

one on his thigh and the other holding his phone. Aside from the simping comments, he never thought too much about his hands. They were just hands to him, proportional to his height and body type; Nothing special.

“What ‘twitter hand comparisons’? I’m so confused,” George continued, laughing the dono off, before moving to change the subject. As he wasn’t actively participating in the stream at hand, the blonde let his mind wander.

Peering down at his hand gripping his phone, Dream took a moment to actually try and find something unique about them. He supposed they were larger than average, but given that he was tall as shit, it wasn’t quite a shock. Vaguely he remembered tweets on his timeline thirsting over them specifically in the pictures of him in the red two hundred thousand merch hoodie, saying something about his veins. He supposed his veins were more pronounced than most, but he couldn’t say he stared at hands often enough to give an opinion.

“Hand comparisons” implied both of them, so what even *did* George’s hands look like? As much as he caught himself zoning off and thinking or staring at the brunette’s other features like his soft, pale cheeks or how his shirts were always just a few sizes too big for him, or his hair that probably felt really nice to run his hands throu-

He paid *really* close attention to a lot of George. Never his hands, though.

Now that he *was* noticing, he saw the stark contrast in the pair's. George’s hands were thin and dainty, still long but they were delicate and pale. He could read the intricacies between each dip and curve, unlike his own he would describe as more clunky in a sense. He’d wondered how they’d look next to each other.

Dream loved to fixate on things about the brunette and dissect them in his mind, be it a habit like when he chews his bottom lip during recording sessions, or a particular freckle on his collarbone, or really anything. If there was a thread talking about a hyper-specific part of George, odds were Dream had picked apart and thoroughly investigated it weeks prior.

He had a fondness for the Brit he knew he didn’t have with any of his other friends. George was different to him in a lot of ways, and that meant he deserved special care in their friendship and the treatment of an absolute prince on a throne. A bypass on his phone through ‘do not disturb’, extra money or gifted subs, or even just their banter was more special. It was different, it carried a different tone and value to the blonde.

Which, yes maybe *that* was why ‘dnf’ had become such a constant in their community, but Dream was comfortable in himself, his sexuality, and most importantly his feelings and emotions about George.

Okay, so maybe he wasn’t so comfortable in himself.

It was a hesitant thought in the back of his mind as he sat in the dark of his room, surroundings only illuminated by the blue light from his phone as “dnf hands” lingered in his search bar on Twitter, itching yet anxious to hit search.

Was this crossing a line? Despite never having a conversation, the duo knew there was some sort of line between them. It was an odd and terrifying push and pull. Some days their conversations would go far past what others may see as joking or comfortable, yet others it would halt as soon as anything remotely escalating picked up. When fanart of them kissing, or hell, even just being shipped together came on their feed while together, they'd laugh, compliment the art style and talent, and move on (with the occasional ironic reply or like on @Dream__Fanart).

However, actively searching for it was never something that neither mentioned or even hinted at.

He couldn't lie and say he hadn't gone under the dnf fanart hashtag, but that came from pure curiosity and good intentions. A lot of fanart with both of them was tagged as 'dnf' despite being platonic (or could be read either way), so it made sense for him to look under it, he'd reasoned with himself.

And sure, the occasional discord call reading cringe on Wattpad had happened, both with and without Sapnap, but that came from a place of humor not intrigue.

Why was he even so worked up about this? No one else but him would know, and practically everyone in their fanbase partook in 'dnf' at some point in time or otherwise had the words muted.

His heart thumped rapidly against his chest, even slightly wincing when he hit search. Why the fuck was he anxious over something so dumb?

He was met with two regular tweets with the keywords he searched at the very top, but the third caught his breath in his throat.

-@justranb0b

// dnf

these hands look kinda familiar,,,

[Attachment: Four Images]

The blonde's eyebrows knitted together as he tapped to let the post cover his whole screen. The top two pictures were of himself and George, a screenshot from the brunette's stream earlier when he stood up and the other from his PO box unboxing video. He knew for a fact the second two weren't his or George's hands, but goddamn did they *look* like it.

The first of the two bottom pictures was an artistically shot picture of a delicate pale hand winding overtop a larger tan one. He hesitantly moved to see the picture full-sized, and couldn't help it as his mind supplied other similar images flashing in his head, disappearing as fast as they came. Once again, he was grateful for the cover of night hiding the red flush covering down to his collarbones from the embarrassment of what he was doing. Perhaps there was some other reason for the flushing too, but if there was he'd move that into a box as far in the back of his mind as he could.

Holy shit, are his hands really that small?

The model's hands were scarily accurate to George's own, down to the lithe veins trailing the back. Their wrist was so tiny compared to the palm of the larger one framing it like a background.

Dream's eye line slowly scanned his own fingers gripping his phone, taking in the realization that his were *also* scarily similar.

He'd known George was small, he was very open about the fact in his teases and chides, but he'd never fully let himself understand their proportions, as the ocean between them was not moving any time soon, so it didn't seem to matter. Now he was faced with the fact that George was *really* small. Or, perhaps he was the one who was big? Maybe a combination of both?

Some deep, guttural part of him seemed to like it, too.

Squeezing his eyes and willing the heat spreading through his upper body away, he scrolled to look at the other picture, only to turn his head into his pillow as the burning came flaring back.

He tossed his phone to the left side of his bed, burying his face into the pillowcase and letting out a loud groan. He let himself sit there for a few seconds before rolling over and staring up at his ceiling.

The swirling in his stomach was overtaking his body, eating him alive like a rabid animal ripping his body apart. Every limb was being devoured in by himself, the animal deep in his heart willing itself to take control and acknowledge the pounding in his head and arteries.

The blonde allowed himself to sit up, running a hand through his hair and pulling at his roots to give a sense of grounding. Slowly air began to re-take his lungs, as he dragged his left hand across his sheets to grab his phone again.

The damned second image was still there, taunting him in the display back. A large sturdy hand was holding two slim pale ones in a single palm. He couldn't fathom why dumb comparisons were causing him so much distress, shaking his head again to try and rid the thoughts as he continued analyzing.

There was no way that George was that small, right? Of course, he'd teased before, saying he could probably pick the brunette up and carry him with one hand, but staring at a decently good comparison was making him wonder if that was less a dumb joke and more a reality. The idea that he could push and pull him in any way he wanted to was doing fucked things to his head, yet with the blood pumping and throbbing in his ears, he couldn't hear his own thoughts clearly enough to push away the disbelief.

Despite the intense emotions surrounding the dumb post, he still saw nothing special of his own hands, which he'd recognized as he dumbly stared at his free one, turning and gripping it to see anything unique. Vaguely he could register that George had delicate, dare he say *pretty* hands, but despite being the main focus of why he was in the situation in the first place being the limb, it truly wasn't what made his head spin.

No, it was the idea that he truly could *tower* over the brunette if he wanted, pick him up like he weighed nothing, and probably throw him across a room with little effort. He could encircle both of his wrists in one hand and easily hold him in place. Oh *God*, how much of his waist or back could be covered by his hands? How much could his palm encase? How-

A tiny voice in his brain spoke in a whisper, words flowing through one ear and out the other with little rhythm or beat. He recognized the melody, as it was one he'd grown used to in the past year, more specifically the past few months, and thus he did what he always did when it rang through.

Let it sing until the last note dies, and let it go as it didn't hold any truth.

Leaning over his bed, he blindly grabbed for his charger, about to set his phone on 'do not disturb' for the night, only for a small buzz to vibrate his hand.

From: George :]

goodnight you giant

The warmth and sun blooming beneath his chest relapsed, soaring through his veins again.

To: George :]

Goodnight, hope it isn't too cold so low to the ground.

From: George :]

low blow

From: George :]

literally

He'd laughed at that, chest drumming softly. Fire was pooling in his veins, heating up his throat and eyes.

To: George :]

Love you too

Perhaps somewhere deep down, he knew the melody was right.

Chapter End Notes

well, i'm writing a multi-chap now! exciting shit, dude. im very happy with my outline of this story, and i cannot wait to publish more :]

-fia<33

[twitter](#)

truth and lies

Chapter Summary

Dream pushes the line and gives in to read the thing he swore he wouldn't. It backfires (obviously).

Chapter Notes

4/20/21 - this chapter has been changed in its nature/content :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rolling over the next morning to his phone loudly vibrating against his palm was not quite how he wished to wake up, but he couldn't say he was too upset about it when he saw the contact "georgie :]" shoved in his face.

Grunting as he moved to sit up on his bed he quickly answered the call, despite his eyes desperate to close and fall asleep again

"Hello?"

"*Dream!*"

The blonde's eyes were shot open at the loud volume and excited tone piercing him, before letting out a low laugh.

"Did you just wake up?" George questioned, voice instantly becoming softer as Dream responded with a small hum of agreement.

"Chat, oh my god, Gogy's so lucky he gets to hear *Dreamie's* morning voice," A third voice he instantly realized was Sapnap's butted in. A small flush of color painted the blonde's cheeks before he turned his focus back to George.

"You're streaming? Why can I hear Sapnap?"

A small giggle fell upon his ears and everything was vanilla buttercream again. His heart melted.

"Yes I am, but they can't hear you, and Sapnap said he wanted to talk to you when I called so I disconnected my headset."

Dream let out a low laugh and ran a hand through his messy hair at that.

"We quite literally live in the same house, he could just walk to me."

"Dunno, he's just a baby or something."

A protest of whines came from Sapnap's mouth at the insult but it all seemed like background

noise as he stumbled to his computer to open the brunette's stream. He'd made a habit of watching George's streams just to see his face more than he normally did. Call it a guilty pleasure, but he could never get enough of the Brit's soft skin, counting each star of a freckle on his cheekbones, or the deepness of the brown in his eyes always somehow melting and crumbling everything it made eye contact with, or how his hair looked like if you ran your hands through it he'd squeeze his eyes and shudder, digging through slightly harder and-

"Dream? I asked if you were coming on?" George coaxed, snapping the blonde back into reality, hearing his voice through his phone but seeing him through the monitor in front of him. The blonde instinctually responded with the first thing he could think of without the context clues of the conversation prior.

"Coming on what?"

He said it a little too seriously to be considered a joke, and due to the recency of waking up, it had an edge and a gravel to it that hadn't necessarily been intended.

Not that he minded the result though.

George's eyes widened a hair and despite his overdramatic '*Dream!*' for the aesthetics and optics of the stream, the red rushing to his face and small pull at his bottom lip made the blonde's head spin.

"What'd he say? C'mon tell us!" Sappnap whined as George let out an embarrassed laugh, seemingly trying to will the red tinting his face to leave.

"Aw, come on now George, tell them what I said," Dream responded, moving to squeeze the edge of his desk, pouring his gaze into the pixels in front of him. Thinking hard enough, he could hear the soft intake of breath coming from the other end on the line.

"No, Dream, I'm not saying that idiot, what's wrong with you?"

The blonde didn't miss the stutter itching to peak out past every word. He noticed the edge to the words, too, like there was hesitancy behind it.

Their dynamic had always been a continuous and looping push and pull, Dream pushing the pair and their line as far as he could with George pulling back and remained coy, mysterious even to a degree. The ebb and flow of their daily life had consisted of this dynamic, the energies between them intermingling like temperature.

Dream burned, his touch or words could completely erode someone for better or for worse.

George froze, completely fizzling out even the brightest of sparks and holding them by their throat, catching them off guard and holding them there.

Together they seeped into the most beautiful shades of red and blue.

"Come one, tell them what I said. And while you're at it, answer my question, come on what, George?"

Words were falling from his mouth before he could even fully understand what he was saying and the implications floating over his gravelly tone. He didn't really know what he wanted the brunette to reply with. It was for banter, right? Wanting to egg on the fans?

God, then why was he so enthralled with the small gasps and blushes escaping his friend like it

was his only lifeline?

"I'm not gonna say it, Dream," George mumbled meekly, voice barely making a sound. The power and leverage he had in the moment sent him into a state of ecstasy, he was *high* off of making George weak. High off of how easily he could do this.

"Say it, George."

The blonde's tone shifted to something much darker, the edge of his vocal cords still retaining as he commanded the other man to speak. The soft huffs of breath from the other steadily continued as he kept his mouth otherwise shut. The dainty hand resting on his desk was loosely tensing, he could tell by his forearms as his hand was just out of shot. The flush on his face was immeasurably beautiful to Dream.

The fire he had become sparked and roared at the fact that he was the one who reduced George to this state.

Words were itching to come out from the back of his throat, his heart wrenching to continue and his brain begging to stop.

Too far, too far, it's too far, too far-

"Or do I have to come over there and make you?"

The shudder that wracked the brunette's frail frame caused his eyes to close and his phone to slip out of his hand, almost into his lap as he scrambled to catch it in both of his frail hands. His pupils were blown wider, only truly being seen to Dream, and the flush was running down through his collar bones, adding splotches of beautiful roses etched into his skin.

Dream's heart was pounding against his chest, his own eyes also blown wide with power and something he couldn't quite place. The hand holding his phone stayed molded against his ear while the other was gripping the edge of his desk hard enough for his normally tan skin to have splotches of white on its back.

He hastily turned the audio to George's stream on as he heard the line go dead

"We-Well, I think it's safe to assume, uhm, Dream will- will not be joining us today," The brunette managed to stutter out, collecting himself and shoving his phone far away from him on his desk. The pink tint to his face was not fading anytime soon, and neither was his dazed speech patterns.

Dream tuned out what words were being said, while still keeping the music of George's voice at the forefront of his mind. He couldn't stop the thumping and racing.

He knew chat couldn't hear him. No one but his best friend could hear their conversation. There wasn't an audience to please or pander to, no quota of jokes to make, no teasing or taunting Twitter, *nothing*. Yet words kept flowing and he relished in it. He relished in the effect his words had, he relished in the stutters and gasps he heard, he relished in the fact that *only he* could make George like that.

Why?

Why did he love the rush? Why did he ache to see George in person and give him no escape to his words? Why did he want to see if those pictures from Twitter were accurate? Why did he continue to pull him apart when there was nothing to blame it on but his own possessive nature?

He squeezed his eyes shut, reaching his hand for his phone to check his timeline.

-@G30RGEN0TCL0TH3D

these dnf jokes go further and further when they tweet they're dating at this point are we really gonna be shocked?

Jokes.

Why did his heart ache at that?

They're just jokes. He knew that. He'd made that clear to everyone. Maybe he'd convinced himself of that.

But why did it feel like a knife drilling through his heart when he saw it clear as day on a screen?

Scrolling further he noticed a trend in the responses to the stunt he had pulled, and he furrowed his eyebrows together at the sheer *number* of them.

-@netheritesapnap

that was literally straight out of a fanfic HUH

-@dr34msm4sk

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?? DNF GETTING BOLD??

-@b00wh0recracker

aight which fic did they read and choose to use as a script. drop the ao3 link

In all honesty, he'd never let himself indulge in fanfiction. Sure, he'd read *some* alone in the privacy of his room (as a joke, obviously), but something about the art he'd seen had already made him terrified to try and read anything. Writing had always been a personal thing to him, and to actually read beautifully crafted sentences and intertwining feelings absolutely petrified him. He'd never fully understood why, as Sapnap and George had sat in a call *together* and read stuff for shits and giggles, but there was something about the way that even those who didn't particularly like real person shipping could admit some of the work out there was truly amazing.

He remained anxious about reading anything, and simply brushed his thoughts off, glancing up to see the absolute *angel* before him, smiling and waving chat goodbye. The figure made him stop and recollect himself as his breath hitched as a swarm of laughs fell through his headset.

As his offline screen went on display, Dream couldn't keep his eyes off the area where his best

friend previously was. His mind raced and frantically searched for more answers as he found himself quickly zoning out.

Did George like it as much as he did?

The sound of his door jolting open startled him into reality, Sapnap standing in the doorway with a shit-eating grin.

“What’d you tell him?”

Sapnap had not stopped bothering him throughout the day about what he’d said, procuring the same annoyed remarks from the blonde to get him off his case.

It was past midnight when he found himself messing with the archive of our own search filters, trying to remember how the site worked.

At some point in high school, he’d made an archive account to post some dumb insert Percy Jackson fanfiction he’d written, and after a few attempts at his password, he was back in. He knew the basics around the website and after a few refreshers of searching, he had sat with the relationship tag in his bar and the sort by category set by date.

After a few more minutes of staring, he hastily hit enter and already felt overwhelmed at the sheer number of words in front of him. Tags like 'possessive Dream' and 'feelings realization' smacking him in the face as the titles appeared.

The swirling in his stomach continued and the fear of reading burned him, fire in his lungs overtaking him.

He knew he didn’t like George. So why was this so hard?

Dream idly scrolled through the top few works, most having too many tags or too confusing summaries for his liking. It took a minute or two of scrolling to see one work that caught his eye, the tags 'domestic fluff' and 'literal sleeping together' instantly sparking his flame.

Instantly, his body flushed as he skimmed the first few sentences, blood pounding in his ears at the quality of the paragraphs and the comfortable scene they had created. If he thought hard enough, he could feel the man against his body, arms holding him from the rest of the world.

His heart lept in his throat at the soft, honey-drizzled words and feelings so expertly crafted. He was beginning to understand why fanfiction was as popular as it was.

Even in his own bed, he felt overwhelmed and warm at the very idea of mumbling the gentle words through a raspy morning voice.

“Come on, five more minutes,” George mumbled, head curling further into the blonde, arms and body persuading him to stay where they were. Dream’s heart thumped a soft melody at the murmurs, arms tightening around the boy’s waist as he laughed.

"Baby, we have to get up, we've already slept in late."

George groggily opened his eyes and stared up at the taller man holding him, an innocent smile creeping across his cheeks as he nuzzled further into his neck, hands sinking into his hair.

"Just a little longer for me, please?"

Dream felt his heart melt, wanting to pass out at the sweet pressure on his scalp and chest, warmth blooming across his body. He'd do anything for him. Truly, anything.

'Isn't that the truth' are the only words that come to the front of his mind at the lines. He refused to stop reading and try to understand the meaning behind his thoughts.

His hand not holding his phone gripped his sheets much harder than necessary, subconsciously flexing the veins across the back of his hands.

He swallowed thickly as 'Dream' then moved his hands to the milky skin of 'George's hips, before they leaned in for delicate and chaste kisses, trying to keep their lips together for as long as they could, there in their languid bubble of innocent infatuation.

Two thoughts rolled through his brain; One, now he understood people weren't lying about the quality, and two, how would it actually feel to kiss him?

Eyes zoning out on the screen he let his mind wander.

His lips looked soft, always so soft. Like he'd mold himself and attach himself to them without hesitation. Would the brunette like to be gripped hard on his arms or waist? Or kissed gingerly with a soft flutter as his hands enveloped the older's jaw? Would he feel the small tracks of stubble on his chin, or would his face be soft and freshly shaven, like a pillow to the touch? Would Dream's hands cover his whole waist, completely swallowing him whole, overpowering him until he was whimpering and-

The same contact that woke him up was presented in his face again.

He frantically rushed to answer the call as his face flushed at his previous thoughts.

"Hi, Dream, I'm sorry for calling late, but I needed to ask you a quick question about this line of code, is that fine?"

George's voice was always a song, one of cold water and freezing ice. Always vanilla buttercream, covering him wholly.

He wondered if he tasted like it, too.

"Yes, of course, can I call you on discord?" He responded, echoing the soft murmuring tone. George hummed in agreement, before letting the call sit in silence for a few seconds.

"I'll call you, you sound tired," The younger continued, moving to sit up. He was met with another hum before he chuckled lowly in response before disconnecting the call.

The piece of writing lay in front of him again, taunting him with their words and the fire they caused under his skin, in his face, and deep in his heart.

A part of him felt guilty. But why would he feel guilty if he didn't care?

Pushing aside his thoughts he stood up and walked to his desk, the cooling of George's voice covering him like ice and holding him into a state of relaxation and snowy air.

George was more important than this. He always was.

Chapter End Notes

[twitter](#)

how, why, what

Chapter Summary

Dream's obsession grows more and more concerning to his friends and family. One call may change his entire perception of reality, however.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Truly he never intended to be this consumed by fanart and fanfiction, but it was frankly becoming an increasingly inescapable problem.

The morning after he had called George (they'd inevitably stayed in a call, hours longer than intended as per usual), he found himself finishing the work he was reading and instantly moved onto others in the same process.

He had to say, he understood where the hype was at, the writing was truly amazing.

Of course, Dream had known about archive previously, however, when he read fanfic with his friends it was almost exclusively from Wattpad and exceptionally, exceptionally bad. So seeing writing with him and his friends that was well crafted and genuine art to him, was kind of crazy. New was probably a better word for it.

Despite the small part of him screaming to get a grip and address why the *hell*, he was so enthralled in reading intricate fake feelings (God, he was growing to hate the word) between him and his best friend, he bookmarked practically *everything* under their ship tag. For the next few days, he blew through book after book, sometimes tens of thousands of word books without hesitancy. Soulmate AUs, stuff within the SMP lore, Knight Dream and King George, fake dating, fluffy one-shots, angsty AUs that had nothing to do with their real-life in any way, *everything*, and *anything*.

He was completely and utterly obsessed.

Then fanart became a problem too.

He saw a link at the bottom of one of the works he was reading leading to Twitter, explaining that someone drew their work.

This, of course, caused a downward spiral on combing through account after account of fanart. He was more aware of the sudden racing in his heart upon seeing art of his best friend sitting on his lap in a hot tub than he was to reading it, as he had even gone so far to like said art on his art account at times. He'd be lying if he said 'dnf coded' or 'dnf' art *wasn't* well done.

He didn't want any fans to catch on, he knew his Twitter likes were stalked, and the last thing he needed was someone to mention him liking or even following artists that only drew ship art. So, there was one obvious solution right?

Making the account was the hardest part, and after he had set his bio, profile picture, and banner, every wall he could've had up was knocked down. It was freeing in a sense, knowing no one would

ever know he was behind the screen liking threads of George screenshots, or beautiful art that was just a bit too suggestive to get away with liking on his fanart account. He didn't have to worry about hundreds of thousands of people seeing everything he did.

Slowly he began to realize he was spending most of his time on Twitter on that dumb account over any of the others he had, and he knew others could tell too by the amount of "I miss Dream" on his timeline. He wanted to care, he really did, but when he saw new art, every thought of guilt went out the window.

Needless to say, his obsession was becoming a lot.

Dream never understood why, though, and any attempt led him to anxiously shove his head into his pillow and blast music to overpower his own thoughts.

The art was well-drawn, the fics were well-written. He could enjoy these things without having any mal intent, I mean, some people on Twitter weren't comfortable with real person shipping, yet enjoyed art. He could care less if the beautifully done drawings were of him making out with his best friend, it was art goddamnit and he wanted to appreciate the artists of his community no matter what it was.

And when he quickly muted the terms 'snf' and 'sapnotfound' under all his accounts, it was because he despised the orange and blue contrast from an art perspective.

Nothing more.

Dream's state was honestly growing extremely concerning to the people living nearby or with him. Sapnap had run out of ways to tell the dirty blonde fourteen-year-old that would show up at their doorstep that her older brother locked himself in his room for the fifth day doing god knows what.

It came to a head when said teenage girl left the house without seeing her brother again after a few hours of bullshitting through games of chess with the other roommate.

There was a loud pounding on Dream's door, causing the former to drop his phone and scramble to close every tab he had open. Shakily getting up, he dizzily climbed over to his door, opening it to a very unhappy Sapnap.

"Hey how-"

"What the fuck is up with you, man?" The brunette interrupted, crossing his arms and looking over his friend's flushed expression.

"What?" was the only response that came from the blonde.

Sapnap sighed in response, pushing past him and sitting on the edge of his bed.

"This is the third time your sister has come over and *you've* been cooped up in your room doing whatever the hell you've been, which speaking of, you've left your room probably a grand total of three times in the past five days."

Dream stood in a daze, barely recognizing the compulsivity that led him to the state he was in now. A small pool of guilt started stirring in his stomach at the realization of his newfound obsession.

“Look, I’m just worried. Can you *please* talk to me?” Sapnap reaffirmed, leaning back on his arms staring daggers into the taller.

He’d been able to give himself reasons for everything he’d been doing. He didn’t want fans obsessing over him liking fanart that was very obviously ship art, so he made a secret account. He genuinely liked the work, which is why he wanted to show appreciation. The swirling in his stomach when George would smile, or when fanfiction George would do something a little too realistic could be brushed off that it was well written, or that he just loved being in his best friend’s presence, making stupid jokes and such. The affinity of seeing himself portrayed as very much so taller than the other was the stupid Leo inside of him, proud that he was showing ‘superior’ traits. When he helplessly scrolled through every post when ‘George’s waist’ trended, so entranced at how small he was, it was nothing more than curiosity, as he had never been that small before.

As he tried to gather his thoughts, every new string of sentences in his mind fell apart extremely fast, collapsing in a dim heap.

“I’ve- I’ve just been really focused on trying to interact with, like, fans, and I dunno, I just didn’t realize I’d been as cooped up as I was,” Dream responded, finally, letting out a small sigh and walking to sit down next to him. Sapnap’s face outwardly was genuine but the undertones screamed “I don’t believe you”. The guilt in him peaked more as he lied, cringing at his words. Why couldn’t he bring himself to tell his best friend of *ten years* the truth? It wasn’t a big deal?

From staring at the tiny screen of his phone for hours, the bags under his eyes were heightened and he did look like a wreck. The brunette moved a hand to his knee and gave a small smile. Dream tried to smile back, trying to forget the hours of re-learning ao3 and scouring the internet for the specific fanart he wanted to indulge in. His expression faltered as he realized the mention of his sister.

“I should text her to apologize right?” He laughed.

Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“Actually, me and her are best friends now after the hours of chess games I’m glad you’re going through me first,”

Dream wheezed at that, moving to stand up and ruffling the messy hair on his friend’s head. He felt calm for what seemed to be like the first time in weeks.

The pair moved to make some sort of food, as it was their first proper meal together in a few days.

There was a deep pang of guilt as he logged into @numberonegogysimp that night.

The same daunting posts of “i miss dream” or something about their streams from the past week were there like always, along with the fanart (and even fanwork *writers* he followed after particularly good work) which he truly did adore.

He scrolled a bit down his timeline, passing and liking fanart of him and his friends, finding some peace in the mind-numbing repetition.

Another wave of guilt and perhaps something else fell over him when he saw the first 'dnf' art of the night. As always, beautifully drawn, of the pair in a flower field, tentatively holding hands with pink cheeks.

The growing frequency of the erratic thumping in his heart was becoming a nuisance at this point, as he groaned and turned away, moving to stare at his ceiling fan.

They were becoming quite good friends over the past few days, the intense and frustrating stares to the object had created a very sweet connection and bond.

It *was* getting out of hand. This whole obsession he had just started on a whim.

Swiping out of Twitter he let out a sigh, his heart rate decreasing steadily. For the first time in a while, he let his mind go blank for a minute, staring into his lock screen with little care.

Dream hated thinking about why he did things.

He always knew *how*, the intricate details of how he gained his fame, or how he met his friends, or how he'd made a stupid *stan* account on Twitter in secret.

'How's are simple and orderly. A complete structure to tell a story, most often able to explain the mechanics of each and every moving part within it.

'Why's are messy.

They are dark storm clouds, coiling together over oceans of emotions and depth. Threatening and willing to rain and kill whatever was in its path, effectively drowning them until their last breath was stolen and ripped from them.

'Why's were also balls of yarn. Helpless ends of string weaving together and tying knots you couldn't even fathom were possible to exist, warping your perception of every experience or memory you've had in your life. At some point, it becomes so convoluted and confusing you give up, or fall into a heap and cry because you're helpless. Trapped, even.

Dream knew *how* he made his secret alt. He wanted a way to interact with fanworks and not bring attention to himself on his main or existing alts, so the easy thing was a new account.

Why?

He wasn't quite ready yet to delve into that one.

Standing in his doorway facing his best friend of almost a decade made him realize that he *certainly* wasn't ready to acknowledge why he was falling so deep into the never-ending abyss that he was. Every excuse felt cheap, lacking any real meaning.

But there was one, wasn't there?

Dream's body jolted back to reality as he saw his favorite notification illuminate his screen. Very quickly, that happiness and spark inside him simmered at the message.

From: George :]

hey are you awake?

Dream knew George down to his text mannerisms. His eyebrows furrowed as he sensed something wrong in his tone.

To: George :]

Yeah, of course, is everything alright?

Before there was a chance for an answer, his phone was vibrating with an incoming call.

“Hello?” He started, moving to sit up straight, feet dangling over the edge of his bed.

“Hey,” George replied, a breathy laugh and a small snuffle going through the line. Worry began making its way through the blonde.

“George? What’s wrong? Are you-”

“Dream take a breath I’m okay, I promise.”

His tone was so gentle it made the taller’s vision coat with clouds and sugar flow through his system. It made him *ache* .

“Why are you crying?” He managed to coo, sinking back into his mattress. The blonde’s own intonation matched the friend’s. Gentle, like he were made of glass and needed to be handled with such delicacy. Dream had always been a gentle giant.

“I-I just-”

Another round of sniffles and shaky breaths felt like bullets.

“I just miss you,” George admitted, breath and voice growing shakier and shakier over the line. Pained confusion fell over Dream.

“I’m right here George, I always am.”

“No- No, I mean,”

Beat.

“I mean that- God, this is so fucking weird, and I have no idea how to even phrase it,”

Dream’s breathing had calmed down, as his pulse still raced. His free hand lingered on the soft sheets beneath him, finding something to fixate on other than the heat pooling everywhere in him. He'd wait a million years for George. He always would.

“Can you try for me?”

He vaguely registered a swallow on the other end. His body shuddered involuntarily.

“How do I miss you when I’ve never even met you?”

The words settled over the cool night air, and as Dream was about to respond, George continued.

“I don’t mean you, like your calls or texts or-or filming, I mean I miss *you* . I miss your presence, and your aura, and what it’s like to wake up and know you’re just down the hall from me. I miss your stupidly tall body that problem gives damn good hugs, I miss what your voice sounds like echoing off your stupid empty rooms of your stupidly fucking big house instead of through a device, I miss-”

He cut himself off.

“I miss you, Dream.”

The warmth that started blooming in the tips of his fingers had grown and spread and *flourished* throughout his body leading straight to his heart. His eyes were suns and his limbs were fire, burning through everything he touched. He thought his bed had caved underneath him and he was floating in nothing but a deep abyss.

George never talked like that. It was always small quips and jabs and attacks with no bite, the odd comment with affection dripping from it and laced between the loops of letters.

When George called him during the day it was downright sensual remarks, burning tension, and blurred lines. Heat, sweltering heat.

When George called him at night, it was soft coos, gentle praises, and sentences laced with love, infatuation, and *care* . Cold, enthralling cold.

Perhaps there was something to say about the pair intertwined within it.

Time had stopped, as his mouth ran dry and his head filled with fantasies of living with George. *His* George.

“I-I-”

“I’m sorry this is so weird, I’ll call you back later or-”

“Don’t fucking hang up.”

Dream sat up straight, the words coming out more demanding than he wanted them to. Not that he minded or cared, as the only thing going through his mind was the hazy pink cloud of George, George, George.

“I completely understand.”

Dream licked his lips, his hand gripping his sheets with more audacity.

“I miss our banter while watching shitty shows, despite never having it happen. I miss you mocking the food in my fridge with your dumb posh accent in the morning after we all just woke up, despite an ocean separating us. *God* , I miss you, and your body, and everything about you yet I’ve never even had the opportunity to even *see* you.”

He could’ve gone on for hours talking about every freckle and dip and curve and perfect imperfection within the boy across the world from him. He’d do anything, go through any length to prove that George was *loved* .

The sniffles and hiccups had grown slightly in the pause after his statement, but the sentiment and

emotion was beautiful and hidden between the soft cries. Dream felt his own tears boiling behind his own eyes.

“I can’t wait to not have to miss you.”

“Soon. So, so soon. I promise, okay?”

Dream could hear his heart in his ears as time melted on.

“Okay. Thank you, Dream. For-For everything,” George replied soft and raw love in his words.

“Of course. Always.”

I’d give up anything for you.

The pause and silence held no discomfort or awkwardness, as they took in soft intakes of breath together. Unbeknownst to them, their pulses had turned to one soft beat of a drum.

“Crying makes me tired,” George whispered, the shuffling of sheets being heard through the phone.

“I’m tired too.”

Dream’s eyes were fluttering closed.

“Can you stay on the line with me?”

The question was timid, earning a laugh from the blonde, rumbles breaking through the night.

“Is that even a question? Of course.”

George chuckled back, digging further under his covers as silence again washed over them.

Dream’s heart was full. So, so, *beyond* full.

How? George, of course. Why?

He still hated ‘why’s.

“I love you, Dream,”

His heart thundered, blood failing him and flushing him down to his collarbones in a soft red.

“I love you too, George.”

Yes, his heart was full. Of what?

I love you, George.

I love you, George.

I love you, George.

Love, love, love, love, love, love, love-

His stomach twisted as his face paled, hands growing far too clammy to be considered normal.

He decided he hated 'what's, too.

Chapter End Notes

any & all comments appreciated and welcomed! thank you for reading <3

[twitter](#)

wrecked

Chapter Summary

Dream is fucked.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The guilt and shame was washing over him in waves as he stared at the tags on his screen.

Sure, he had read cringey and horribly worded works before that involved what he quickly realized was called smut, but he never did so for his own self interest. It was always a joke, something *funny*.

He'd quickly realized how many things he couldn't play off as jokes anymore.

His heart always skipped a beat when he saw tags or snippets of works that were very obviously sexual in nature, primarily because of how *well* he knew they'd be written. It was quite a terrifying thing.

Taking the plunge was in all honesty the hardest part, but once he started, there was no way in hell he'd be able to stop.

Every work he read had some form of "eventual smut" tag, devouring them in their entirety way faster than he was reading before. Every minute he wasn't outside his room with Sapnap or streaming with someone, his eyes were glued to his phone, carving away work after work, devouring them apart piece by piece as fast as he possibly could.

He'd deny, and ignore, and evade everytime the heat and fire pooled in his stomach during or after reading.

The fire that coursed through his brain and innermost bloodstream had begun to carry into his time with his friends, too. It terrified him.

It came to a head while George was streaming scribble.io. Dream had grown accustomed to shutting his phone off during streams to remove any temptation to read or indulge in anything while he was with his friends. He had to keep them separate. He just *had* to.

"Bad, your drawings are so fucking bad. *Why* is there always a person?" Quackity whined, leaving Dream to snicker at the truth of it. He'd already guessed the word (it was duck), which made the situation funnier to him, as there was indeed a stick figure holding the animal rather than just the animal itself.

"Language! No need to be rude," Bad responded, continuing to draw as the time ran out.

Dream tuned out everyone else in the call humming to himself something unconsciously.

"*How the fuck was that a duck Bad?*"

“Language!”

Another laugh bubbled through Dream’s chest, followed by a matching giggle that made his heart soar. They were playing with Quackity, Bad, Sapnap, Skeppy and Punz, while George was, obviously, the one streaming. Everyone watching seemed to enjoy the dynamics between the group which was good since it was pretty diverse, covering a decent variety of fanbases.

“Everyone shut up I’m drawing now,” Quackity continued, voice loudly blaring through the blonde’s headset. He rolled his eyes at the trash talk he was spewing before refocusing on the screen, only for his breath to catch in his throat.

He was in way over his head, and it was finally catching up to him.

The drawing was shitty, a lime green stick figure towering way high above the shorter blue stick figure next to it, crude goggles on its forehead. Quackity was already drawing what he assumed to be a wall behind the George stick figure, making it look like Dream had him pinned against it. Everyone in the call began laughing or yelling forms of “pandering”, but Dream’s mind went blank and his ears filled with static.

His body and jaw clenched, his mind being assaulted with lewd sections of writings he’d read in the past days, dialogue repeating over and over again in his mind.

One of the tags he’d frequented more often than he wanted to ever admit was size differences. The idea of being able to completely tower over his best friend, hold him down with ease, how his *hands* and waist must be so tiny compared to his, how he could manhandle him however he pleased, *everything* sent rushes of dopamine to his brain. He was vividly reimagining one of his favorite fics he’d read with the smaller being completely engulfed into his body against the small confinement of a wall.

He hadn’t realized the others were yelling at him until he saw the red zeros next to his name and the reveal of the word “tall” above the leaderboard.

His mouth was dry, his heart pounding, and his brain was reeling.

This had to have been crossing some sort of line.

“Dream? Where’d you go? Too captivated with Gogy’s beautiful looks?” Quackity teased. Dream winced at the mention of his best friend’s beauty being the butt of a joke.

“Oh, sorry, Patches erm, knocked something over and I had to let her out of my room.”

He knew George could see right through his lies.

“And speaking of which, I think I’m gonna head out, I realized I have some important merch things I have to go over I forgot about.”

He couldn’t bring himself to care as his hands got shaky.

“Dream, c’mon you can stay for the rest of the round can’t you?” George asked, the warmth in his voice being too much, *way* too much for Dream’s brain to handle at the moment.

It almost sounds like he’s begging-

“No, I’m sorry George. I really have to go. Bye guys, bye chat!”

Without listening to another plead he disconnected from the call and practically threw his headset at his desk. Standing up, he moved to stand in front of his window, staring at the streets nearby him, lights twinkling in the midafternoon and illuminating the shady sidewalk like stars.

Dream was not gay. He had had crushes on women since he was practically a child, remembering the attraction to both fictional and real women throughout adolescence. That being said, he was also not bisexual. There was simply no way. He'd never felt the same pull to men as he did to women, or at least that he could fully remember.

It was *George* that threw everything he knew about himself and the world around him for a headspin.

His heart hammered in his chest when George was FaceTime him just to show him a new shirt he bought. His chest reeled whenever George laughed or smiled, in a way it never did for any of his other friends. To him, and half the internet, George was *pretty*. But he was beyond pretty, he was downright stunning. Dream could go on for hours about every tiny detail about George's hair and eyes and collarbones and cheeks and wrists explaining how they all made him *so* gorgeous. Ethereal, even.

Then the stupid fucking hole he dug for himself by reading *fanfiction*. Reading about being able to hold, to touch, to take, to *love* George, sent everything in his brain for a loop. It was everything he had dreamed about put into words.

He found his mind constantly wandering, wondering what it would truly be like to kiss and hold *his* George. To feel his body flush against his, grip his hips, hold his cheeks, devour him, consume him in all of his being.

He wanted George more than he needed to breathe.

But he *couldn't*. He just couldn't.

How could he want that of George? How could he let himself slip so far into a realm of possibility that didn't even exist that he'd be daydreaming of such intimate moments of a man across an ocean.

His head throbbed. His phone vibrated.

Snapchat from Georgie :P

Dream sat up, staring at the notification. They rarely texted through Snapchat unless it would be things left unspoken about.

Fuck it.

His brain wiped, shoving the thoughts into the very back corners of his mind. George was his escape. Nothing else mattered.

It was a simple picture of his keyboard with the text "where did you go :[" across it. Flutters overtook his stomach as he instantly smiled, sending back a picture of his ceiling and typing out a basic response.

important merch shit, but its done now. stream end already? wyd now?

The picture changed from delivered to opened instantly, and he had one back within seconds, this time a more blurry picture of his keyboard.

yeah it gets boring without you there. just browsing twitter

As he moved to type a response a screenshot of a tweet sent through and Dream felt his body go numb.

Georgie :P:

these the hand comparisons that one dono asked about?

[attachment: 1 image]

It was indeed the first post that sent him into the spiralling disaster he had been in for however many days it had been. Two pictures of hands that looked, in Dream's opinion, scarily similar to that of his own and his friend's.

Me:

Yeah, I think so those are the only ones I saw anyways

He held his breath, swiping out of the conversation and moving to scroll aimlessly through TikTok as some sort of distraction. There was a pause in the messages before he got a picture in response. Blinking at his screen, he opened it, breath hitching at the image before him.

A, in all honesty, beautiful picture of George's hand, raised up lazily held in the air.

Dream had seen his fair share of hand pictures and fancams on his timeline before, but this was special. This was just for him. No one else's eyes would ever see the pictures and words said under the cover of dark rooms and private apps. Speaking of words, Dream felt his eyes practically roll to the back of his head at the text accompanying it.

are your hands really that huge

Unthinking and rash, he flipped his camera to face outwards moving his hand to mirror George's except with a flat palm like his hand was against something. Before he could even think about changing the caption, it was sent into the cloud.

Maybe. Or maybe you're just small.

The response was instant, a blurry shot of his hand in a similar position.

im sure youd like either

He thought back to the pictures, to the art, to the writing, to everything.

Holy *fuck* he would.

Go big or go home, right? It was a blurry picture of his face, features barely recognizable (something he liked to keep that way), and a rarity of the blonde to ever even consider sending.

Maybe you should come over here and find out. I'm much bigger than you think I am.

He'd grown used to the sun igniting in his veins, but tonight the lack of fear was deep down terrifying. He knew he'd go too deep, he knew he'd swim down, down, down, so far into the ocean that was George's being until he drowned a satisfied and weak man.

Dream couldn't bring himself to care.

Instant response again, a delicate hand over the brunette's face, a splatter of blush just barely out of view from the picture.

are you now? i dunno, i could probably overpower you, i know i have an effect on you dream

The fire inside him roared, burning through everything it touched. The numb weight against his tongue had become a staple of his life while texting George. He was a forest fire ravaging through whatever was in his path to gain his end goal. His head was reeling at the teasing intonation he could pick up through the sensual messages.

His hand lay on his collarbones, eyes and top of his head just out of frame, frantically typing away as soon as he could. The coiling in his gut never ceased as he pressed send with no waiver.

I could probably hold you down with one hand if I wanted to. Question is where, wrists or neck?

The conversation went silent for a minute, then two, then at three George replayed his photo. Dream's heart was throbbing against his chest.

Georgie :P: jesus fuckin christ dream

Me: What?

Georgie :P: warn a guy before you casually mention you could choke him

Burning, burning, burning. All Dream had become was burning heat and desire. He was obsessed, enthralled, almost to where he felt he was *violating* his best friend.

Me: Aw did I get you all flustered?

Georgie: no absolutely not

Me: Prove it then

Dream hadn't expected a picture, but when he got one did he *spiral* .

The hand resting on his face, hiding his eyes from view was now backward, gripping the pillow above his head, his eyelids hanging low. His brown eyes froze everything they touched to ice, both burning and freezing Dream's entire being, swallowing him whole with one glance. George's cheeks were flushed, red trailing down to his collarbone just barely seen at the bottom of his screen. Pink lips just barely parted in a way that sent Dream reeling.

He was fucked.

see? no affect

Majorly fucked.

Anything the brunette asked, Dream would've given him. He'd swim through any ocean, tear apart every mountain piece by piece, burn himself through any fire for the brunette consuming his life across the world. The blonde was shaky, barely being able to keep his fingers stable enough to type out anything.

Me: You look wrecked and I'm not even there

Georgie :P: dont flatter yourself you don't know who else ive been texting during this

Georgie :P: maybe it was someone else's doing

The blonde's teeth clamped down on each other. The thought of anyone else seeing or hearing George like this made all the wrong nerves on fire, gut swirling the opposite direction it had been steadily for the past half hour.

Me: Who.

He hadn't noticed the punctuation that came as a result of the burning in his eyes and itching in his hands to keep what was his away from anyone else's gross grip.

Georgie :P: god you really are a dog

Georgie :P: always need the reassurance its just you?

His mind flashed, the words dogboy and catboy holding a death grip on his skull recently. He wasn't thinking right.

Although, he hadn't for quite a while had he?

Me: Just keeping track of what's mine

Words held little weight to him, the heavy repercussions of every letter dripping with heat being out of sight and out of mind, far too in the future for the blonde to care. They did this often, and Dream knew well enough they'd sit in a voice call the next day as if nothing had happened. As if these sentences with too many deep-rooted truths had not existed nor meant anything.

They meant something to Dream. They meant more than even he thought they did.

Messages halted for a minute before the man across an ocean started typing again.

Georgie :P: so possessive

Alluring cold, cooling Dream's fire yet beckoning it to rage forward through dark tunnels and steep cliffs.

Me: You never stop me

Georgie :P: no, i don't

Me: I don't think you want me to

Georgie :P: maybe its nice to feel owned, dream

Dream reeled, acutely aware of the sweat sticking his white shirt to his chest and of the scorching fire in his mouth.

Me: Maybe it is

Both knew the other was staring at the blue light of their phones, keyboard haunting them. How far were lines pushed? How far would they continue to be?

Dream wanted to tell George it all, he wanted to shower and spoil him with every desire and daydream he'd concocted. He wanted to tell him how he reveled in his petite and small frame, how often he thought about what it would be like to see him covered in red and crimson marks with

dazed, glossy eyes batting up at him, how he desperately wanted to know if George tasted like the vanilla candles he'd collected in his room, always eagerly showing on calls.

Georgie :P im about to pass out phone in hand

Me: I'm that boring?

Georgie :P: far far from it loverboy

Thump, thump, thump.

Me: Sleep call?

His phone was ringing in an instant, and the brunette said nothing as he slipped into slumber, the blonde's presence being the warmth he needed.

It was just past three in the afternoon for Dream.

George superseded the sun and any timezone.

Before sleep overtook his broad body, images and sounds flooded his brain.

Burning, burning, burning, burning, melting away at his skin.

How long would it be until he was gone?

Chapter End Notes

next chapter is not gonna be happy btw

;) thanks for reading! <3

[twitter](#)

[lex's twitter](#)

burning (burnt)

Chapter Summary

Dream loses himself.

Chapter Notes

[twitter](#)

Dream's fan whirled above his head, eyes burning from being stretched open hours too long. The burning he once described as passion and drive was eating him inside out. Carving away at the walls of his mind and body, tearing it to shreds.

Truly, it had been a long time coming, but to the blonde, it felt like a freight train.

A lifetime of memories, feelings and words had overwhelmed his being, clinging to his muscles and causing an ache, tying himself to his bed. Could he really trust any perception of reality he had up until that point? Any memories or feelings seemed to be a fabricated and cheap explanation of the life he had known.

After the heated words exchanged through text of the two, Dream couldn't sleep. He could barely fucking breathe, how the hell was he expected to *sleep* ?

The past two days he had existed in a pile of his own despair, all basic human needs kept unchecked. He hadn't eaten, *God* knows when the last he drank water was, and any hygiene had been thrown out and crumpled in exchange for the cage of his own bed. His bed was his comfort, familiar and grounding in the black ocean that was his mind and feelings.

It had came crashing down on him the morning he woke up, seeing that George left their Facetime. Two small messages in his notifications lay in his wake.

From: George :]

totally forgot about a video sapnap has been nagging me to record for ages. had to leave the call
</3

From: George :]

dont worry, im still all yours dream ;)

It took those few words, the insignificant and *stupid* idea of George ever truly being his broke him.

The shards of glass he was desperately attempting to keep hot molten lava inside had shattered and gave way.

It destroyed him.

He was hit with the weight of too many 'why's to count falling and falling on top of him, new revelation after new revelation.

Had he been living a lie his entire life? Memories of a childhood friendship that sent his young heart thumping every time the pair hugged or fell to the grassy dirt below them grew thorns instead of roses in his mind. The blurred lines and hazy memories of friends in highschool behind locked doors and never to be spoken of again were knives finally digging into his back and slicing him open at his most vulnerable spots.

A part of him hated himself.

It made no sense, the disgust and disdain when thinking about the possibility of himself liking men. He had been born made of love ready to give and spread to everyone he touched, growing into the man he was doing just that. His heart raged when he saw blatant prejudice and pain towards things people had zero control over. The letters and messages he'd received from fans telling of horrible families broke his heart in two, wishing he could know every single person he had touched and made an impact on and feeling helpless at the knowledge he would never physically be capable of doing so. Everyone deserved love and to be shown it, and there was absolutely nothing wrong with who people wanted to love. He'd die on that hill before anything else.

So why was the knotting feeling in his stomach and urge to vomit so intensely high at the realization he had never fit into the box he had claimed he did for years too long?

Perhaps it was the hatred of only now addressing the problems and fear he had been shoving back for much of his life, or perhaps it was the internalized thought that it was okay for everyone else except for him.

Maybe a combination of both poisons, now drenching him in acid. Burning used to feel like glistening heat. Now it was bubbling against his heavy eyes and ripping at his limbs.

He wondered when it would swallow him whole.

These thoughts came with the cost of the other most important piece of his life.

Dream knew, way deep down, he would never be truly happy without George in his arms. A part of him accepted it long ago before being smashed into the pits of his innermost thoughts, a brief recognition and a memory long faded.

The thought of someone else being able to call George theirs?

Smoldering flames crackled under his muscles, itching to rip whatever was in their way.

He couldn't bring himself to say the words that had become so commonplace for him all his life. They held a weight of heavy sea water, biting to pull him down in their depths. It was all too raw, too real, too *heavy*.

God, everything felt heavy. He couldn't bear to open his phone, long shut off next to him. The weight of the device was beyond overwhelming, for both his body (once strong, now frail) and metaphorically.

He hadn't considered his roommate and best friend coming to check on him at all, nor expected it. The brunette had picked up on his strange patterns, hiding tabs and such on his phone anytime they were together and he'd grown to ignore them.

The knock on the door sent a jolt through him, but the door clicking open made him want to be swallowed whole into the ground. Any semblance of confidence he could've had had been ripped from him.

Sapnap's face fell, and Dream's heart broke just a little more at the thought his being was hurting one of the people he loved most.

The silence was deafening as it took all of the blonde's energy to sit up, and all of the brunette's to not wail at the sight of his best friend aching so bad. He said nothing as the bed dipped with his weight.

Neither said a word, an inferno of essays escaping through breaths and barely there sniffles. Somehow, through the waves of Dream's heat, Sapnap could read him like an open book, and for once the blonde was okay with it.

The moment was a long time coming, but that didn't make it any less terrifying.

The pair couldn't recall who lunged forward first, the only thing they remembered was the hands clawing at each other's backs to find something to hold onto. Dream was crying first, the loud sobs and wails building up over too many years of repressing and fighting them back bubbling over and pouring out onto the person he truly believed to be his brother. Ugly cries of regret and sorrow filled the walls of his bedroom and soft murmurs and hushes fell across his ears. Sapnap's voice was cracking through every whispered "You're okay" and "I've got you", and Dream knew he too was one step away from breaking into pieces.

The loud ringing in his ears began to dim as he awkwardly settled in the crook of the shorter's neck, back hunched awkwardly at the height difference. It didn't matter to either of them as one of the brunette's hands found its way through blonde curls, the other rubbing soft circles in his back.

Sniffles and quells began to subside as the unspoken words began to have life breathed into them.

"Sapnap?"

The shorter hummed, not trusting his weak voice and shaky hands to help.

"I'm sorry."

The hands on his body stilled, eyebrows knitting together and glancing at the fragile giant on his shoulder.

"What?"

Dream swallowed.

"I'm sorry I've been hiding from you. I-I just--"

Beat.

"I don't know how I can explain any of this without sounding like a complete idiot and asshole."

Sapnap's breaths were no longer tear laced, but now deep and continuous. Medium waves calming

his fire as the blonde tried to match their inhales and exhales.

"I'm listening, Dream," Sapnap murmured, keeping his hands rubbing on the taller's scalp and shoulder, moving so they could face each other and talk. Dream shakily inhaled.

"I think that-"

Why was it so hard to speak? Why couldn't he say the words? Why couldn't he just spit them out after years and years of deep down knowing something was so very wrong with what he was calling himse-

"Dream," Sapnap cut off his thoughts firmly. "It's just me, man."

It's just him.

It was just the pair, a whirring fan, and a silent room.

Somehow it all seemed fitting.

"I think that I like guys."

Sapnap's face relaxed, an internal sigh of relief hidden across his features. Dream felt air fill his lungs and the life begin to swim through him yet again. Golden hues of fire were reachable again, despite the tears still like a permanent stain against his freckles.

"Cool."

Sapnap smirked at his lackluster response, a watery laugh coming from him as well. Dream's lips curled into a weak, but just strong enough, smile. Despite everything, Sapnap could always reach him, ground him, bring him away from the intense heat he was and back to warmth.

He'd done so much more than he'd ever know.

Dream's hands were shaking as the world around him grew to have more clarity. The haziness of light through his tears had began to clear up, and he could notice the shining in his best friend's own eyes. Dream knew Sapnap was tired, *so* very tired.

A part of him hated the rollercoaster he had put someone he loved through, either by lashing out in fits of rage that both knew was not about the other, or hiding away in his room like a child to try and ignore and suppress the aching and pain he was feeling. Throughout their decade of friendship, Dream had never talked to him about things like these. Moments when the brunette tried to were shut down by burning and heated remarks, never to be spoken of again.

Especially since George came into the mix. Far too many times had the pair's jokes gone too far with Sapnap present, leading to many confused texts and pleas to just *talk* to him if something was wrong. Dream took a short breath as his friend's hands moved to grip both of his shoulders.

"Sapnap I-"

"I know, Dream."

Deep down, the blonde knew he knew. But the verbal acknowledgement after years of being shrouded in darkness both felt incredibly heavy and freeingly light. His hands couldn't stop shaking, the quivers wracking his entire body and reaching his lips.

"And, it's okay," Sapnap finished, giving a true smile behind the layer of shine in his brown eyes.

Another round of tears assaulted his vision, teeth biting the inside of his lip as he let everything go. He fell forward into Sapnap's arms, and yet again his rock was there to anchor his ebb and flow during the immense storm raging through.

For the first time in months, perhaps years, as he sat on his unmade bed, body comically large to be shaking in his much shorter friend's arms, letting out gross sobs, he felt tranquility.

The black blanket wrapped around his shoulders felt like velvet against his puffy cheeks. After a solid half hour of incomprehensible blubbers and babbles, the pair made their way to the couch of their living room, two mugs of instant hot chocolate on the table along with it.

It was the first time Dream had been out of his room and mentally all there in what seemed like ages. Now able to articulate actual words, meaningful conversation could actually take place. The silence resting over the air was comfortable, welcoming, enveloping them in soft warmth. True medium, making the cold cool and the hot warm.

That was what Sapnap was, anyways.

"You were right about everything," Dream started, the brunette looking up from the mug in his hands. "Every joke too far, everytime I'd talk about him how I do- All of it."

Sapnap huffed a small laugh.

"You make it pretty damn obvious, dipshit."

He was able to chuckle at that without the wince he'd normally procure.

"I'm becoming aware of that now," He responded, gently bringing his mug to his lips. The post-cry glow was setting in among his skin, the world acting like a cloud he was merely floating on through his journeys of love and loss.

Another silence fell over them.

"I feel calm, in a way. Accepting it is miles better than hopeless denial, but--"

There was no way his luck could run so far to snatch up a beautiful angel of a person from across an ocean.

"-there is no way this works out for me the way I want. I feel like we both know that."

Sapnap remained silent again, before snorting and shaking his head.

"You know, I thought after you finally realized shit you'd become a little smarter, but you're still a dumbass huh?"

Dream's eyebrows knitted together, rolling his eyes. He tried to ignore the twinge swirling at his core at the admission George would never truly feel the same love for him as he did. Sapnap could lie over and over again to him, but he knew it was all in a vain to make him feel better.

"Sapnap, we *both* know that--"

“ -We don’t know anything. You just are too stubborn to let yourself even consider the possibility you could be happy together.”

Dream took in a breath, and drank in the idea of being able to hold George, to call him his. The icy touch of his frail hands dragging across the burning of his own. It screamed at him to dive into the frozen depths of George, enveloping him wholly in fire.

Both were too extreme, too dense to be without the other. Perhaps in another lifetime they would meet at equilibrium. Dream would weep and let sorrow consume him once he moved on, but it was a price he would pay to see the only person he ever truly was in love with happy.

“You don’t have to treat me like I’m a kid, we don’t even know if he *likes* men-”

“-I don’t care! He talks about you like you gave him the fucking stars, you cannot be serious right now.”

The throbbing in his head came back at the forefront at the thought of psychoanalyzing someone aside from himself sent him spinning.

“Can we just-”

Sapnap could sense the tension behind his eyes, backing off instantly.

Dream glanced at the table about to reach for the remote when he noticed the chess board still out and a small note. Quizzically, he picked it up.

why are you always in your room youre such a loser

call me soon i want us to play chess bc sapnap is stinky

-D

The blonde ran a hand through his hair and felt guilt tug at him. Not only had he been ignoring his own needs, he was ignoring his family too.

“God, I really do need to text her.”

Sapnap laughed, nudging his side and crawling to the small chair on the other end of the coffee table.

“She’s made me pretty damn good at chess, so I should be thanking your breakdown.”

Dream wheezed out a small laugh, another first of the night. He really did love his sister and how she interacted with his friends.

“Well let’s test her skills then, shall we?”

He smirked.

His eyes were puffy, his body ached, but the fiery heat in him had become warmth. Despite everything, he always had his family, by blood or connection, by his side.

anything

Chapter Summary

Dream's life is moving fast, and can't help but shake the feeling that things may boil over faster than anticipated.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hiding in his room wasn't quite an option anymore, since him and Sapnap had grown to sitting in each other's presence on the floor or next to their own beds. The comfort of another person that wasn't backed by bluelight burning his eyes was something the blonde hadn't felt in ages, but needed more than he knew.

With that, Dream sat next to Sapnap's computer chair lazily browsing Twitter (*not* on his stan account) more often than not while he was streaming on his alt.

The scarcely lit Florida morning was no different, with both of the pair's sleeping schedules far beyond out of whack to truly care. It wasn't like it mattered, anyways.

The dumb dono questions he'd answer with his friend grew to be some of his favorite parts of these streams, able to fill the room with little snippets of memories or stories.

"Oh my god, how did I *not* see that?" The brunette mumbled, lightly hitting his desk with his fist, grumbling at his lack of astuteness on the game of chess he was playing. Dream softly laughed, continuing to carelessly scroll through his feed to see the livetweeting of his fans. Sometimes he wished likes were hidden on his profile because *god* some of the shit people said was hilarious.

"You're just bad," The blonde responded, looking upwards as Sapnap flicked his head with his thumb and index finger.

" *Ow!* What was that for dumbass?"

"Stop critiquing the chess bracket champion, loser."

Rolling his eyes he turned his phone over, glancing at his friend's second monitor to see any interesting donos in his streamlabs. Lazily he scanned the donation that had just popped up, feeling his breath hitch at the question.

"I know this is an odd question but I'm curious LMAO when was the last time either of you cried?" Well, you're right that is an out of the box question," Sapnap started, glancing down at his Dream pulling a face that the blonde knew meant "what do you want me to say?". Internally the blonde smiled at the kindness of his best friend, but the thought diminished quickly at the prospect of the blurred memories of sobbing in the shorter's arms amid a sexuality crisis.

Since then, the burning heat flowering in his heart was let loose, finally let out like an exhale of deep warmth. He had let himself look back upon years of internalized hatred and denial with a new lens of understanding and care, allowing the feelings coursing deep in his blood to be etched into his skin, telling a story of fiery love throughout his veins.

Half of him was relieved, the other half was petrified at what his pages and pages of love for his best friend across the world would mean for their future.

Dream ran through the scenarios of what he could say out loud to tens of thousands of people over and over, before settling on what he believed some people could need. He was never afraid to be vulnerable or emotional online, unabashedly uncaring about whatever society deemed as masculine, and perhaps a part of him wanted to think someone just like him as a teenager, confused and terrified, could take what he's said and hold it like a comforting pillow.

"It was a few days ago, actually, and it wasn't a pretty sight either," Dream started, giving a small nod and smile to Sapnap, patiently listening. "I really needed it, in all honesty, I had been holding a lot in and once it was all out I felt miles better. Sapnap sat through the whole thing."

He added a small laugh at the end, before the brunette took his cue to add the comic relief he was.

"That's right, I was Dream's knight in shining armor, coming to save him from his tower."

Opening his mouth to say something in response, Dream was cut off by the donation sound and text sending off all sorts of alarm bells in his mind.

DID YOU GUYS SEE THE TRAVEL BAN GOT LIFTED OMG IS GEORGE COMING SOON??

The pair's faces scrunched, trying to ignore the very obvious chat bait.

"Very funny, but-"

"No wait look at chat, Sapnap,"

Dream's eyes were frantically scanning every message zooming by in chat repeating the same new article links. Hurriedly the blonde opened his phone to find his timeline covered in capital letters and links to articles showing that, yes, the travel ban *had* been lifted and if he wanted to, George could come to the US.

The blonde's heart thumped violently against his chest, a pounding drum of ardor ripping through his circulation down to his groundedness in the floor. The prospect of being able to *see*, to *touch*, George in person after years of yearning and hushed sentences sent his head reeling, spurred on by the trembles encasing his body trapping itself within.

Sapnap could see the confliction deep seeded in his eyes so many words and sentences wanting to fall over and burn the world around him like fire. Everything was so fast, so *incredibly* fast.

Dream gulped thickly, his adam's apple bobbing.

"Holy shit, that's super cool if that's true. Maybe George can come here sooner than we planned," Sapnap continued coolly, jumping into a new topic and ignoring repetitive donos.

Dream wanted George. In so many ways he couldn't count them properly.

He wanted the porcelain boy melting down to his core with love and infatuation dripping from his lips. He wanted him in his stupidly big clothes leaning over a countertop drinking warm tea enwrapped in the taller's love and sturdy arms swaying them back and forth. He wanted him tucked under his arms for only him to see, counting each dip and curve of the boy's gentle cheeks and frame covered in only soft moonlight. He wanted him writhing beneath him, hushed pleads and searing eye contact breaking down the final wall they had built so high over the years, out of breath and whipped at being wholly taken. He wanted the earth shattering cold and ice he was to soothe

the aching his fire and burns had caused him, gentle caresses of snow making fingerprints in his magma.

He *wanted* him.

Dream had only just allowed himself to want George, and was then expected to keep that want locked away again never to be shown to anyone but through pulsing texts and pictures?

Donos kept rolling in about the potential meet up and where the blonde had gone, only for Sapnap to calmly end his stream diverting every question with flawless expertise.

The rest of the world was static to Dream and before he had been shoved back into reality, his best friend was already knelt next to him, and easing hand soothing circles into his shoulder.

The brunette was always there, always his rock, his pull away from smoldering heat to a calm warmth.

Dream thought back to the multitudes of words and flushed pictures exchanged between him and George, the continuous pull of hot and cold never daring to mix but just letting them graze, every letter and tear laced with the crack that was *his* boy's love.

Dream tilted his head up, eyes flickering.

He wanted him.

"I want him here, Sapnap."

So he'd get him.

The phone call from George later was no surprise, the two Americans huddling around Dream's phone as their friend scrolled through flights he could get on as soon as a few days later. The anticipation and excitement bubbling through George's voice made the blonde's heart yearn and tug even more. He was so beyond whipped.

"Are you *kidding* ? I could fly out tomorrow if I wanted," The boy rambled on, high laughs filled with dopamine and soft rain.

"Hey, me and Dream need to get our last rounds of passionate sex out of the way before you come here so give us *some* time-"

"-What the hell is *wrong* with you?"

Dream wheezed out a hard laugh, shoving the brunette with no trace of malice. Both their faces had shown like the sun as the idea of meeting their other best friend who had always been separated by a hard ocean wall had sunk in fully over the past hours.

"There's no way I'd be able to pack my shit in time, anyways. How does Friday morning sound? I'd get to you guys in the evening your time."

The pumping of his blood could be felt on every nerve ending, rapidly making his head whirr with want and content. George was going to be *here* .

The lack of ability to escape no longer present should have been grounding the blonde more, but the fact he would get to feel the mold of the other man's soft skin beneath his finger tips overtook every front of his brain. Nothing he could say would be able to do justice the yearning in his bones for his ice.

"That sounds great, Gogy," Sapnap continued, annunciating the consonants with a mocking malice.

"You are so annoying."

George's laugh was a song, piano beats wrapping Dream in a sweet lullaby of comfort and love. He wished to know what that song tasted of.

"Dream? Does that work for you?"

The tenderness and sweetness suckling his tone made the blonde weak in the knees.

Anything, anything for you. Always for you.

"Of course, George," He responded just as gentle, pinks and white clouding his hazy vision.

Sapnap mocked a groan, pushing himself out of his seat at the blonde's desk and walking towards the door frame.

"Flirt when I'm not present, dipshits. I'm gonna set up my stream for later and you both better be on it," He continued, walking out of the room and shutting the door behind him. Just as he did, Sapnap gave a small wink and smirk to his friend.

Dream's face burning at the implication, he took George off speaker and moved to lay on his bed, letting out a sigh.

"Just us, huh?" George started, voice pouring into his ears. He loved these fleeting moments, between them, the hot afternoon air, and intimate clouds enwrapping each other whole.

Dream hummed in response, a small vocal fry to his light tone. The tension over the air was not different than in the past, but to the blonde, it meant so much more. The fear normally dwelling and stirring into a cloud of lava in the back of his mind was gone, allowing sweet passion to take over.

"You excited to see me?" He asked, deeply breathing.

"You've led me to believe you're much bigger in person, so I supposed I'm anticipating that. Finally get to see for myself if your hand sims are onto anything,"

Dream smirked, moving his hand above his head as he had in a Snapchat picture from what seemed like eons ago.

"You got a fixation on my hands, what do you expect to see?"

Coyly, like the brat he was, George sputtered an enthralling reply of ice.

"Just if they're better than any others I've seen, that's all."

The thumping in Dream's heart and body turned boiling, body temperature rising and body

stiffening at the prospect of George being *anyone* else's but his. The very concept of the brunette's words falling on anyone else's ears or phone but his own was appalling and infuriating.

"Is that so? Perhaps you don't need to come here then, do you?"

George stuttered, very obviously taken aback at the poisonous words.

"No- No of course I need to go to you-"

"-Aw, whatever happened to your other options? I'm sure another strong set of hands could do you just fine right?"

Dream smirked at the power play he had made, lava churning his gut with white fire and possession.

"They wouldn't be anything like you. Nowhere near it."

The phrase sent the ugly animalistic jealous part of him into a fit of succession, howling at the fact that even from across an ocean the brunette knew no one would be like Dream.

"I can't wait to hold you," The blonde whispered out, free arm wrapping around his torso and eyes squeezing shut trying to conjure up the image of his boy in his arms.

Cold, Cold, Cold

The call went silent, and an exasperated sigh was heard from England.

"Me too."

A loud ping from the blonde's computer setup was heard, repeating its obnoxious and crushing melody banging his ears. Discord messages from Sapnap flooded in telling him to join the VC, as he frustratedly sat up straight.

"Needy bitch," George whined, clacking from the otherside of the line presumably being his own typed response to their friend.

"Says you."

"At least I'm coy about it."

Dream hummed, slipping half of his headphones on, keeping his phone pressed against his opposite ear.

"Time to go?"

Dream paused. The heat he had grown to hate hadn't held malice anymore.

"Yeah."

And neither did the icy burning of George's remarks.

From: George :]

[attachment: 1 link]

From: George :]

you cried recently?

It was an odd notification. Night covered his room, lacing each breath with a calm warmth of the little light left in the sky.

Just about to head to sleep before Dream's everything had sent him a link to a clip from Sapnap's alt stream that day and three soft words.

To: George :]

Oh, yeah I guess I did

From: George :]

why didnt you call me

From: George :]

or text me

Dream's heart sank. Other wants and disparities aside he knew George cared for him deeply. The very thought of making him feel untrustable or not worth the time or comfort made every string in his body ache and pull.

Because I was having a sexuality crisis and realized I am hopelessly in love with you.

To: George :]

I promise it was nothing. There would've been nothing you could've said.

From: George :]

but sapnap could

Sitting up against his pillows his breath quickened, the hurt written between each word plain as his golden exterior and love for the man.

From: George :]

i could've tried dream

The blonde's eyebrows furrowed before biting his lip and rapidly typing. George being in any hurt or pain, be it emotionally or God forbid *physically*, caused knives digging through his skeletal structure, poison lacing each blade and dripping into the drips of his muscles in a cruel slow torture.

To: George :]

I had been building up a lot and needed some physical comfort there. You know I would've ran to you if I could. I promise.

To: George :]

I love you, you know that?

There was a pause in messages.

From: George :]

fuck the ocean

To: George :]

Just a few days, then I'm here, yeah?

Dream let his thumb run over the curve of his phone case. He yearned for George more than his lungs yearned for oxygen through the ash deeply rooted in them after many a fire put out.

From: George :]

im so tired of being alone dream

To: George :]

You won't have to be anymore

The blonde's eyes burned. George had expressed his pain of wanting to be with the pair before, many times in soft jealous comments or frozen tears biting his body.

Every remark or hint of pain stung Dream deeper than any bullet or burn could. He'd take every bite, stab, slap or kick before letting any negative forces penetrate the glacial surface of his best friend

To: George :]

I'll never let you feel alone again.

Anything. He'd do anything.

Chapter End Notes

updates soon :) im working on a commission and a few other projects with some pretty amazing people so be excited!! :>

-fia <33

[twitter](#)

dial tone

Chapter Summary

Dream has been meaning to make a call and realizes the regret forming far in the future.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The amount of times George had threatened to leak a picture of his flight ticket had become an annoying piece of leverage the shorter had over his two friends. They really did want a weekend of just being before the storm of the dream team meetup, but the brunette kept hanging his secret in the balance like an idiot.

The earlier part of that Thursday had mainly consisted of a discord call between the trio with George showing himself packing everything from his room that wasn't boring into his luggage. George did not seem to take kindly to Sapnap's suggestion to bring condoms after asking if he was forgetting anything, opting to deafen and call Dream's phone instead.

"You excited to see my face?"

"It's not like I haven't before, sit down cocky bastard."

"Not recently, just blurry pictures and snippets."

"I think the bigger question is how you're going to be able to handle yourself in my presence?"

"Is that so?"

The words had lingered in his head way longer than he had wanted them to, and when the time had come for them to part ways and send their last goodnights apart for quite a while, Dream found himself unable to calm the blazing flames pricking his brain and heart.

He had been lying face-up staring at his ceiling when he noticed his phone buzz, a message from a groupchat with his family about something mundane. The notification reminded him of the promise he made to Sapnap a few days earlier, fumbling with his phone to open the contact he desired. In adolescence, the pair would sneak into each other's rooms when they couldn't sleep to provide some sort of comfort or ease.

The dial tone rang a few times before fading. His hand drummed against the side of his leg.

"It is so late, why are you calling me?" A groggy voice mumbled from the speaker. Dream instantly smiled at it, letting his cheeks curve upwards with his lips.

"Hello to you too."

"Did Pandas tell you to call me because you felt bad or some shit? Because--"

"No!" Dream interrupted, a soft laugh leaving with it. "I just wanted to talk, you know?"

She hummed in response seemingly unconvinced as a small shift in background noise was heard.

“I do feel bad about it though.”

A high-pitched wheeze echoed through his ears.

“Am I ever gonna get an explanation on any of that or am I not allowed?”

Dream rolled his eyes, a hand running through his waves as he sat up against his headboard. He’d been planning on telling her for a while, anyways.

“I was figuring some things out about myself I’d been in denial of for a while,” He started, a free hand finding a way to the pocket of his sweatpants. “I had no clue how to handle it in total honesty.”

A small silence fell over the call before the teen deadpanned back.

“Did you finally realize your stupidly big crush on George?”

Dream let his mouth fall open as his sister wheezed again over the line. Had literally *everyone* known this would happen before he did?

“You- *What* ?”

The blonde was exasperated as more fits of laughter and giggles came back as his only response.

“Come on, literally the whole family can see it in your eyes the way you talk about him. ‘Oh! Gogy did this! Gogy Wogy loves me! Isn’t he just the-’”

“- *That’s enough of that*,” Dream interrupted, as she continued her obnoxious impersonation of her brother, pitching her voice higher and more nasally. His face flushed red at the idea of his parents knowing something so intimate about him before even he himself knew.

Before he went through the teenage phase of hating younger siblings, he had considered himself a good brother when he needed to be. Late night conversations under the darkness were common for the pair, talking about every subject they could think of.

Blurred memories of tears staining the young girl’s face, having to comfort her for the feelings she didn’t do anything to bear the burden of remaining present in his mind. His heart always broke seeing her in those states, hushing words of assurance and care, feeling hopeless that he was just a teenager who couldn’t truly do anything more to protect her.

Now they were both older, and the need for soft reassurance had slowly gone away replacing those moments with more playful ones instead. Quips at each other from across the table during the far and few between dinners they would have together, the common sound of a backpack thudding at the entrance of his house and the TV turning on, or bullshitting around in his far too large kitchen with box cake mix because they had nothing better to do were the memories that took over now.

Dream could see the small sparks of flames he had in himself at her age within her words and actions, the love and affection dripping from her tone when needed and the almost cocky burning ambition lacing her interactions with him and Sapnap.

“Well? What are you gonna do about it?”

Dream’s breath hitched, a hand mindlessly fiddling with his duvet cover to keep focus.

He hadn't really thought of what he was going to do. His friendship with George would mean more than the risk of losing it all for some stupid and idiotic fantasy he had of being able to keep him.

"What can I do? It's not like I could ever say something."

Beat.

"God, I will never understand how Pandas is able to put up with the two of you. Are you actually serious right now?"

He truly loved that his friends and family wanted to support him but the false confidence they were giving him out of pity was beginning to make him increasingly annoyed.

"Not you too, look, I know George better than anyone else and-"

"-Do you really, though?"

The line fell silent and Dream wanted to sputter out an "Of course I do, why the fuck would you think otherwise?" before the teen continued on.

"You're so constantly blinded by the stupidly big hearts in your own eyes that you can't move them enough to look at how he looks right back at you."

The blonde's mouth was dry, slowly wetting his lips and zoning his eyes out to a hazed state. The idea of having the brunette to himself, locked away from everyone else who dared look at him was addicting.

"I can't lose him," He whispered out, not daring to raise his voice.

"Lose him from your life or to someone else?"

Dream's jaw released at that. He had always pictured his life without George being spurred on from a line too far pushed or hasty confession too rushed, left in a puddle of grief and loss.

He hadn't even considered the fact that he could lose him to someone else.

Both of the pair knew there was nothing left to say on the subject, and let the words hang in the balance of sound waves.

The pain of seeing George happy with someone else that wasn't him wasn't just vile, it repulsed him down to his very core and deep in his gut. Nothing made him more furious and enraged than the brunette exchanging the words and experiences they had with someone else, let alone becoming public about a relationship, or his worst nightmare, a *marriage*.

He let the flames cease previously as he recognized that even if he couldn't call George his, he'd be able to keep him in his life, as his soulmate and best friend. Now those same blazes were erupting throughout him molding his wax skin away into a melted puddle of what could become regret.

He swallowed the burns in his throat, ash once again falling beside him and coating his lungs. Absentmindedly he wondered when they'd turn a charcoal black.

Dream shook his thoughts away. This was about his sister, not his relationship issues.

"How've you been otherwise? It-It's been a while since I've checked in."

An apology and guilt entangled his tone, a soft laugh was heard after it.

“Not much. Still getting good grades, still getting yelled at by Mom about my excessive Twitter usage which- *Oh my god!* I forgot to tell you!”

Loud wheezes overtook his ears, giving a confused open-mouth smile at the girl in such joy.

“I made a burner stan account for shits and giggles, had the George profile picture and everything.”

The bubbling of laughter in his own chest rose until he was completely doubled over in breathy giggles, completely lost in his own world.

“I-I mean, that makes two of us,” He managed to get out.

“ *What?* ”

The older took a few deeps breaths, soft huffs still being let out as he tried to continue.

“I was curious and figuring out some shit, I haven’t been on it in like a week. What’d *you* find?”

“Nothing but hand simps. Seriously what is the deal with Twitter and your hands?” She continued, laughs ever prevalent in her sound.

Dream thought back to George

are your hands really that huge

I could probably hold you down with one hand if I wanted to.

maybe its nice to feel owned, dream

“Finally get to see for myself if your hand simps are onto anything,”

Perhaps he wasn’t in a position to judge.

“Don’t you have school tomorrow?”

“Yeah, I’m about to pass out here. Don’t want Mom up my ass about staying up late again.”

Dream shook his head, smiling. He could still hear the echoes of his families’ fighting about the younger’s sleep schedule (and if he was partially to blame, he kept his lips sealed).

“I won’t keep you any longer. Sleep well, and text me before you come over, we need to bake again soon.”

“Only if George is there,”

The blonde hummed, ignoring the dust of pink to his cheeks at the idea of his sister and the brunette throwing stupid banter back and forth, spilling cake mix and flour across his marble countertops.

He could get used to that.

“Try and sleep, I’ll text you before you pick the idiot up,” She continued.

“Will do. You too. Love you.”

Just as he was about to end the call, he was interrupted a final time.

“Wait,”

There was a short dip in sound.

“Think about what I said, yeah? I’ve never seen you happier than when you’re with him.”

Dream paused, flashes of his own dumb smile reflected in his monitor at jokes or even just the shorter’s presence. Every memory laced with sun and dopamine had him.

“I will.”

Dream did not sleep that night, but he did think over what his definition of happiness had been. The common thread through everything, he realized, was a British brunette with hands like ice and words like snow.

Just as he was about to try and nap to some degree, a Snapchat notification buzzed to his attention. Scrambling embarrassingly quick to open it, he sat up straight criss-crossing his legs and letting his elbows fall on his knees.

He opened the picture to see the man’s short legs and the back of an airplane seat. He vaguely registered that he looked like he was wearing very comfortable clothes.

the only picture you’re getting until you see me irl bc im surrounded by two parents and their crying baby

Dream smirked, fingers rapidly swiping to open his camera, sticking one of his own legs out and sending a blurry picture.

If you want to annoy them more then let them see what I’m sending you and they can come to your own conclusions.

The blonde let out a deep laugh at that, watching George’s typing appear and disappear.

Georgie :P: you are something else aren’t you

Me: Maybe

Me: Was just an idea

Georgie :P: im excited to see you

He could feel his arteries pooling blood to his cheeks, knowing if he laid a palm against it it would be hot to the touch.

Me: No love for Sapnap?

Georgie :P: he's stinky

Georgie :P: plus hes short so he cant give tall hugs

Anytime their size difference was brought up, without fail, Dream's head spun and whirred with unnecessary tension and heat. George would be the death of him one day, somehow.

Me: You seem to like my height a lot

Me: Care to share why?

Georgie :P: cant i appreciate the fact that you could give good hugs?

Dream wanted to laugh at the excellent swerving of the question before his breath got caught in his throat and he almost had to duck away to cough.

Georgie :P: or that you could probably pick me up like it was nothing?

His heart stuttered against his chest, the familiar lava running through his muscles and tendons threatening to swallow him whole.

Georgie :P: aw did i make dreamie speechless?

Beat.

Georgie :P: i have to go on airplane mode now :(

Disappointment took root in his heat as he typed out a response.

Me: People keep taking you away from me, I don't like it

Georgie :P: in ten hours theyll have to rip me from your body

George was going to be here, in his house, breathing his air, *holding* him in a few hours.

After years of yearning for touch, for the cold and frost-ridden messages to be heard in person and held close, easing and *finally* bringing his roaring heat to a medium, he would be here.

Me: I'll see you soon Georgie

Georgie :P: bye dream :]

Georgie :P: see you soon <3

He swallowed thickly, hands curling into the tops of his legs.

<3

He'd never let him go.

Chapter End Notes

surprise! two chapters in two days :D

next one is gonna be a doozy <3 hope you're as excited as i am!

-fia <3

[twitter](#)

boiling water

Chapter Summary

George lands in the US, and to Dream's benefit, does seem to like his hands a lot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“If you check your phone one more goddamn time I’m gonna send you back to the car.”

Dream quickly glanced down at his friend, hand instantly retracting to his hoodie pocket, cheeks pursing inwards. Sapnap was looking up at the blonde with a deadpan expression, very clearly done with the anxiety-ridden mess the he had been all day.

They were standing in a busy airport approaching the moment they’d been waiting the greater half of a decade for, and Dream was making himself look like an absolute idiot in the process.

From the very beginning of the day, each and every word or hand brush from his roommate made him flinch and stutter, jumpy and on edge at each little piece of movement. He really couldn’t blame Sapnap for the built up frustration, he was even growing upset with *himself* that George wasn’t even present yet, yet every move felt like a mistake or exposure of his darkest pits and feelings he held to his chest.

He mumbled out a quick apology, hands fidgeting with themselves against the fabric of his hoodie, absentmindedly wishing he had brought something to fidget with.

When the blonde’s phone buzzed, he looked down at his friend like a dog asking to go outside to play after days of being kept indoors. Sapnap rolled his eyes and nudged his shoulder to signify a ‘you can check your phone’.

Fumbling quickly with his jeans (and producing a snort from his friend), he opened his phone to see two texts.

From: D :P

dont fuck anything up before i can meet him dumbass

jk love you go get em tiger (or smth)

From: George :]

im here :0 getting my luggage and walking out now

If it weren’t for the rapid thumping of his heart, he would normally laugh at his sister’s antics, but

in that moment with heat and fire swirling his brain, he couldn't bring himself to do more than swallow thickly and let out a strangled breath.

Wordlessly, he held his phone up to Sapnap's face, eyes darting everywhere from the brunette's eyes.

"You know, for someone who would *dream* about him being here, you're quite anxious."

"Things are different now."

His voice was weak and dry from the lack of speaking. His friend hummed.

"How so?"

Dream let his mind mull over, quite literally, everything. The texts with adoration and affection stitched through each word, the pictures with sparks comprising their being, the molten lava running through his veins and gut at each quip and chide, the cooling grip back to reality and peace *he* was, the soft confessions hidden with many meanings, disguised as something without value.

"It just is."

The busy air around them was no match for Dream's own mind, consumed by vibrant static picking each thought apart. He let his eyes zone out, surroundings fading out into bubbles as the cotton in his ears stuffed further inward. He didn't register the calls of his name or the hits to his upper arm until he saw a force moving towards them.

Not any force though, only the ocean of cold enticing ice that *he* was could ever bring the blonde back to reality and with his feet on the ground.

Time was meaningless as he saw the short brunette's feet wheel to a stop just in front of the taller, and Dream honest to God had to tilt his head entirely down to see the eyes he'd only been graced the beauty of through computer screens and pixelated reflections.

They stood there staring at each other, neither daring to speak at the delicacy of the moment they had imagined for years and years.

"*Hah* , I'm taller, suck it shortass," Sapnap chided, slinging an arm around the shorter's shoulder and pulling him in for a side hug.

"Yeah, yeah, we get it, idiot," George responded, shoving the man off of him and giving a soft laugh.

Dream could not stop *staring* . The freckles he had once dreamed of counting to fall asleep were now right in front of him, so real and so *so* close to him, he could reach out and brush a hand over where they were, the person who had once been separated by an ocean locking the pair written in the stars away from each other with no way of even attempting to reach out and touch, the voice that was always just slightly altered by soundwaves echoing off the same walls that his own was, the air surrounding them now being shared with soft moves of airflow.

Each detail down to the curve of his nose to the soft eyelashes fluttering open and closed made his knees weak and his arms heavy. He swallowed when he noticed the brunette trying to keep his eyes centered on his own.

"Hey,"

Dream gave an exasperated smile as the brunette leaned forward against the blonde's chest, wrapping an arm loosely around his waist.

"Hey stupid,"

The awkward air between the two had dissipated the second they got into the car and started driving home, bickering between Sarnap and George starting (as predicted), almost instantaneously.

They started off strong with who got shotgun ("I'm the new one here! I should get the front seat!" "George, just because you are Dream's little princess or whatever doesn't mean the same applies with me, get in the back.") which Sarnap eventually won despite it being a two against one situation.

The entire drive home was filled with George childishly kicking Sarnap's seat in front of him producing banter and bickers for a majority of the time ("I swear to God, if you kick my seat one more fucking time I will go back there and beat your ass-" "- *You* wanted shotgun, so *you* can face the consequences!").

Despite the ache in his stomach from not eating, Dream was too focused on getting *out* of the confined space with the two and inside the house where they (hopefully) wouldn't whine as much.

When they finally did arrive at the house, George stumbled out the door almost ready to pass out while Sarnap mocked him a bit more.

"Aw, is Gogy tired from his plane ride?"

The brunette glared at the taller and moved to flip him off as his feet slugged against the ground. The blonde hurried over to the back of the car, popping the trunk and helping to move luggage out.

"Sarnap please don't be useless and actually help me," Dream mumbled, gesturing towards the bags he was already lifted out.

"Tell George to do it, it's his shit."

Dream turned to the shorter to ask if he wanted to help, only to have his breath caught in his throat at the large glassy brown eyes staring back up at him. He let himself get lost in the bleary man's face, taking in each and every small detail before turning back to Sarnap with a sheepish grin. He groaned in response picking up one of the suitcases.

Once the trio had finally settled down onto the living room couch, bags shoved into what would become George's room, the hunger pangs in their stomachs began to set in.

"If you guys won't decide where to eat then I'm going. George, come with me," Sarnap muttered, grabbing the keys from the blonde's hands and standing up. The shorter brunette groaned crossing his arms and letting his head fall back against the back of the cushion.

"No! You go by yourself, I'm not moving from this spot."

Dream shifted a hand to his knee and avoided eye contact at his exasperated friend. He groaned at the response and turned towards the door.

“Don’t do anything too stupid while I’m gone.”

The door shut with a thud, hearing the locking noise of the handle click.

The air was silent for a bit as the pair stayed still, not daring to move a muscle from where they sat.

“He didn’t even ask us what we wanted, how rude,” George started, scoffing letting his hands shift in his lap as the blonde let out a small laugh.

“I mean, he did for like ten minutes and we just responded with ‘I dunno’, so I’m assuming we’re getting pizza.”

The brunette snorted at that, shifting his face to the side and making legitimate eye contact for the first time since the airport. The sparks and fire burning under his chest crackled louder and louder as each second flew by.

Dream noticed the same brown eyes he had been so entranced by each moment of their meeting scanning over his face, darting across each freckle and curve of his jawline.

The beat of his being steadily pumped through his arms and up to the pulse point on his neck, the affection he could hide in voice calls and through screens now dripping in full droplets of magma down his skin, just there for the brunette to touch if he pleased.

Intricate details of his face and body that had remained a mystery, one covered by blurred photos and lines, was now fully on display for him to see and pick apart and put back together in whole chunks.

“Did I meet your expectations?” He mumbled softly, not daring to alter the tranquil air they had become enveloped in. He’d go so far as to say domestic, even.

“Exceeded,” was the only response that came, just as soft.

Normally George was the one being consumed in his entirety by the taller, bitten into with words and stares and compliments to cover him in sweet sugar, and the sudden change of being the one doven into trying to peel back the layers and see him for who he was was terrifying.

Although, it was George, the boy made of ice and water always there for the ball of fire Dream had been and was.

Dream wetted his lips softly with his tongue, opening his mouth to speak, almost timid.

“Can I do something?”

The brunette was snapped out of the heavenly trance of sleep and introspection as he looked back at the tall blonde in front of him. He nodded, swallowing. Dream studied his adam’s apple as it bobbed.

Tentatively, like the man were made of glass, he encircled his pale wrist bringing his hand up between them, thumb pressing against the middle of the shorter’s palm. Dream brought his own flat against the other as the brunette’s breath caught in his throat, resulting in a short gasp.

Taking the hint, he flattened his palm against the other’s the touch, hands now meeting in the

center.

are your hands really that huge

I could probably hold you down with one hand if I wanted to.

“Finally get to see for myself if your hand simps are onto anything,”

His brain should have been filled with complex feelings and metaphors, loud sizzling of lava meeting ice-cold water creating a beautiful tidal wave of emotions barrelling through his body.

But staring at how huge his hand was compared to the brunette's, which were much more petite, the only things he could think of and hear were the sensual words from conversations amounting to years of life together and the ringing in his ears.

George shifted his legs just slightly, eyes unblinking and fixated on where they met.

All he felt before pure euphoria washed over him was the lacing of thin dainty fingers within his own.

Water crashed over his body, his veins that burned with fire and magma doused in its opposite sending him into a state of shock and satisfaction, the thing always just out of reach, just not able to be gripped or held or devoured now beneath his hands and over exactly where he needed it.

George started the kiss with an icy force, pushing far harder and with more desperation than the blonde had ever seen from him in years and years of coy conversations, just shy of saying what he wanted.

In his state of stupefaction, he almost left the brunette pulling away in concern and hesitancy, only before getting a grip on the fact that this may be one of his only chances where his person wouldn't slip through his fingers.

Dream let himself fall backward, back still somewhat upright against the cushions as he used his free hand to tug on the man's waist, hands digging in possessively to the soft flesh and kissing back with all of his fervor.

The blonde knew if he were thinking with more than the burning desire he had become over the past months, he would be kissing the boy like he were glass, gentle and soft brushes of lips between murmurs of love and infatuation under the cover of soft nightfall. Reckless need had swirled between the duo for far too long for them to even attempt to keep their love soft.

The raging storm of fire had *finally* been frozen, meeting sharp coldness drawing him in further, licking up into the older's mouth his flames sparking small whimpers from the shorter.

George's hand tightened around the blonde's fingers still entwined and gripping the open-faced large palm beneath him. Neither dared pull apart despite the lack of air flowing between them, the brunette becoming hasty and nibbling at the warm lips against his own.

At that, Dream mentally smirked, hand jerking the brunette's waist forward onto his lap so he was straddling his waist causing a sharp gasp from the smaller. The blonde let himself go a bit more, shamelessly toying and pulling at the brunette's lips with his teeth effectively stripping away any semblance of control George may have thought he had.

Dream's hands ghosted their way up the brunette's sides, moving up and down his ribs and leaving finger divots in specific curves of his waist, a deep part of his mind wishing they would leave

small bruises the shorter would find later.

George pulled away first, small trail of saliva connecting them breaking as they disconnected, chests heaving with effort. No words were exchanged as their eyes poured into each other, their deepest secrets spilling over through and onto their cheeks and faces.

If adrenaline hadn't already taken over, Dream would've fell weak and wobbly in the knees at the wrecked expression on the brunette's face, breath unsteady, pupils dilated into saucers, and the beautiful flush painting his face red and spilling down past his collar bones just out of sight.

His eyes locked on the pale, unmarked, skin as he dove forward pinning George against the pillows, holding his hand above his head. The blonde searched his eyes for any sense of hesitancy or withdrawal to find nothing but icy affection within his pupils.

Dream trailed soft kisses down the pale expanse of his neck, relishing in the shivers and quells of the man's body beneath him. He let his teeth graze the brunette's pulse point before biting down causing sweet whimpers to flow to his ears.

The fingers of the hand he was using to pin George's down slid down to the heel of the brunette's palm and dug inwards gripping so hard he could feel the bruises forming under his touch. The power of his fire being able to leave deep purple marks in porcelain skin gave him a rush he had been craving for for what seemed like years.

Another high whine spilled from George's throat as he sucked and bit at the blooming bits of red forming under his mouth. Dream wanted to make sure than anyone who laid eyes on the blue boy would instantly know he was completely off limits, that anyone who dared to even *attempt* to try and take him would have to feel the wrath and anger of the molten lava within him.

George's free hand slid into the blonde's hair tugging at the roots with each new discoloration against his milky skin, continuing to quiver beneath the heavy and powerful force of the blonde.

Dream continued his attack and focus on the man's neck, wanting to take as much of the expanse as he could, drinking in the noises spilling into his ears and the sweet tug on the roots of his hair. He hardly noticed his right hand moving from his hold on the brunette's and towards George's face until he felt a wet warmth wrap around one of his fingers.

He pulled away abruptly from his position on his neck, letting himself outright moan at the sight beneath him. George, hopelessly and shamelessly, gagging on two of his digits as he pushed them to the back of his throat with his own hand.

"Fuck,"

The brunette opened his eyes slowly, tears pricking the corner of his eyes from the overwhelming sensations both inside and outside his throat.

"My- My hands?" Dream stuttered, the heat surrounding his fingers akin to the one lighting the rest of his skin on fire. The blonde could see the desperation in his eyes to *want* to speak, but not dare release the fingers in his mouth.

No, that won't do

Dream pulled his hand away, overpowering the weak grip and whine at the loss George let out.

"They're so big," was all he could whimper out, shooting hot sparks down towards his gut and spreading through his bloodstream.

“You- When you picked me up I wanted you to gag me with them the second I saw you,”

Dream let out a groan dipping to the other unmarked side of the brunette’s neck and leaving more bites and imprints, wholly claiming him.

“Fuck, you don’t understand what you do to me, George,”

One of the brunette’s legs swung around the blonde’s waist pulling him impossibly closer, a hand pulling him by his hair off of his neck.

“Why don’t you show me then?”

Without hesitation Dream crashed into an open-mouthed kiss with the smaller, swallowing up every whimper and moan filtered down his throat.

For the first time in a long time, despite his molten lava burning brighter and with more force than ever before, he felt at balance. George’s enthralling cold, delicately meeting his desire in the middle of both their temperatures and their bodies, equipoise his intense magma and flames licking up his being.

Perhaps they didn’t need another lifetime.

Dream kissed him harder, arms moving to grip the thighs squeezing tighter that were around his middle, sucking hard on the brunette’s bottom lip, relishing in the clammy hands making their way through his blonde waves.

Wet open-mouthed kisses trailed down the somewhat pure side of George’s neck, reattaching himself and using his tongue to ease the teeth marks from his abuse. Instantly, his large hand danced up the side of his face, not hesitating to shove two of his fingers into the warmth of George’s mouth.

George keened at that, bucking his hips up against Dream’s causing unison groans from the pair, egging them on further.

The blonde licked a stripe up the side of his neck before settling into small kisses and nips just on his collarbone.

“You’re so small compared to me. I bet I could overpower you with one hand, isn’t that right?”

Another choked out cry came in response to the words, lost among the intrusion in George’s mouth but enough to get the point across that *yes* he could, and *yes* Dream was *more* than welcome to do so.

George’s thin hands squeezed the taller’s shoulders, switching from gripping tightly on the blonde’s hair to his upper body. Dream *reeled* at the touch, everything sent licks of flames through his system, ripping him apart with each whimper and cry of ‘more’ or ‘Dream’ muffled from his fingers, almost touching the back of his throat.

Pulling away from his beautifully painted canvas, he soaked up each detail of the brunette’s wrecked expression, the desperation in his eyes and body as he continued to suck on the taller’s fingers.

Dream was shocked he hadn’t passed out at the pure euphoria of *his* person writhing under his grasp after what felt like (and was) years of pining and hopeless need.

Underneath all the layers of red hot want, unabashed *love* lay there for anyone who was bold enough to pick back the coverings. The swelling in his heart, the symphony of music notes ringing through his head and dancing their way through the beat of endearment consuming him.

He had once ignored the beautiful song that had played through his head millions of times. If he had known accepting and singing along would be as angelic as it was, he would've done it light years sooner.

A sharp contrast from the high intensity, Dream bent his head down and placed a soft and tender kiss against George's lips, moving with him gingerly with little rush. His large hands slipped down to the man's hips, juxtaposing his mouth by gripping with the possessivity he was never truly able to shake, speaking the words 'mine' as clear as he could.

George's own hands, small against the blonde's face, cradled him gently, his thumbs rubbing against his cheeks.

The gorgeous and gentle moment holding his love in *his* arms, covered in *his* marks, fully enwrapped in *his* being, was everything he had dreamed about, the soft meeting of water and lava melding together to meet at just the point of balance, two halves of a confusing, love-filled puzzle now finally, *finally* whole.

A loud pounding against the door snapped him out of his trance of worship.

Dream's head snapped up, hurriedly moving the brunette's legs off from around his waist and rushing to the door. George followed him shortly after, palming the keys from the counter into the taller's (still spit-covered) hand. If the blonde's face weren't burning red already, he would've been blushing. He reached down and attempted to fix the brunette's hair as much as he could, doing the same with himself.

Fumbling with the keys, Dream opened the door to notice a heavy wind and a very disgruntled Sapnap holding a pizza box.

"How did neither of you hear me knock on the door fifty fucking times before deciding to let me in?" He grumbled, moving to set the food on the kitchen island, and open the box.

"Sorry dude, we didn't hear it," Dream responded with a huff, grabbing a slice of pizza upon realizing the ache of hunger in his stomach.

He knew he looked like shit. He knew his hair was a mess, his jeans were far too tight, and his eyes way too dilated. If Sapnap noticed he didn't say anything.

Not much banter was had that night, aside from sideways knowing glances from the brunette and blonde, cheeky winks thrown in. Their conversation flowed the same, acting as if nothing had happened.

Dream was on top of the world, swimming in endorphins and euphoria, any taunt Sapnap could give would be meaningless after *this* hell of a night.

That was, until George abruptly excused himself, eyes drooping and body stumbling to his room, claiming intense exhaustion from jetlag and it being late. Dream frowned at the notions despite the assurance of smiles and nods he was given.

The blonde's mind was racing as he lay in his bed alone. The bed of which his entire situation had started ages ago, soaked in tears and sweat of the anguish and infatuation he had succumbed to moons and moons ago.

Dream fell asleep, finally at a balance. Maybe it wasn't *the* balance, but it was one.

For once, the music notes of his love faded out with hope rather than despair.

Chapter End Notes

well, that was fun :) this book has been a wild ride, chapter nine out soon, support has been insane lately, and i cannot express how much each and every comment and kudos means to me!

-fia <3

[twitter](#)

equilibrium

Chapter Summary

Dream can't remember the day he fell in love.

Chapter Notes

<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They didn't talk about it. In fact, they were avoiding it like the plague.

The morning after Dream had gotten the best goddamn sleep in his life, the second he walked out to the kitchen, the brunette made brief eye contact before ducking his head and speeding off into his own room. The blonde tried to ignore the confusion and ache in his chest at the action, forcing down the way his heart was pulling to say something.

He ate breakfast in a haze of confusion, the memories of waves and heat from the previous night washing over him sending him into a groggier state. The way the older man felt under his finger tips after so long of pining and unbearable fire in his veins would forever be imprinted on his hands and deep in his bones.

He had assumed he'd have this as the norm, he'd assumed that he'd be able to walk into his kitchen in the morning to see George with one of his much too big shirts falling past his hips and wrap his arms around the shorter boy, engulfing him in his entirety and press soft kisses on the dark marks he had left from the night prior. He'd assumed he'd be able to parade around his house, brunette on his arm and freezing him with every touch, a beautiful juxtaposition to the ash in his lungs from the months of fire without restraint.

When he heard the brunette softly talking to his roommate, only to dart his eyes away and make a lame excuse to leave, he'd believed he assumed wrong.

Surely George had a reason for the way he was acting, surely there was *something* that was making him anxious about the whole thing. Maybe it was the idea of Sapnap finding out, or maybe it was that he was embarrassed by the shameless things he had said while helplessly pinned between the blonde and couch cushions.

Or maybe, he didn't want to talk about it. Maybe when George had whispered whines and cries of the blonde's name, whimpers spilling over into his mouth, they were noises provoked from lust, from something that would dissipate without a trace once it fully received everything it needed.

Dream was facing his ceiling, lying on his back with the same swirling feelings in his gut that he had for months. Normally, his mind would be full of metaphors, swirling his emotions into tendrils and crafting flame ridden sentences with them. Now, his brain was empty, the intimate moments

replaying over and over in his mind on a never-ending loop.

It only ended with a soft knock against his door and a mumbled “come in” from his motionless body.

Sapnap slowly opened the door and shut it gently behind him, moving to sit next to him on the bed. There was a beat of silence, the air thick with confusion and doubt the sadness and fear clinging to each dust speck floating about.

“Are you gonna tell me what happened?”

Dream furrowed his eyebrows and moved to sit up, ready to play as dumb as he could.

“What? What are you-”

“Dream,” Sapnap deadpanned, hand moving to his knee. “George’s neck was purple and red this morning. And you’re a really bad liar. Are you gonna tell me why both of you are being weird?”

Dream’s heart pounded, guilt and anxiety falling over him at the mere idea of explaining what had happened with Sapnap. In another world, this conversation would’ve been soft quips in their living room, George in the blonde’s lap as they both mocked the embarrassing confessions and admissions while too enthralled in each other to think about anything else. Sapnap would’ve made fun of their stupidity, them both pining for so long and never quite being able to reach each other.

Instead, Dream was wallowing in a pit of his own fear, and Sapnap had to treat him as a child that needed help explaining his feelings.

“I think you can put together what happened while you were gone.”

The brunette laughed, rolling his eyes at the comment.

“Yeah, you looked like a sixteen-year-old boy who got laid for the first time, you both made it pretty fucking obvious.”

Dream remembered the euphoria of ice meeting fire, the frost licking up the magma in his body, the endorphins at finally having someone bring him back, back to equilibrium. Not just a temporary dimming of fire, but a total shift, giving himself up wholly for the sole goal of keeping in perfect balance.

He continued on, not quite knowing how to explain what was happening (what *was* happening?).

“Then when I saw him this morning, he didn’t even say hi, he just left off into his room. He’s been avoiding me all day.”

Silence fell over the pair again as both individually tried to collect their words.

“Okay, and you haven’t talked to him for what reason exactly?”

Dream laughed, shifting his legs and moving his arms to gesture up.

“He very clearly doesn’t want to talk? I mean I-I guess I misread his signs.”

The blonde let his eyes zone out and unfocus, staring mindlessly into the sheets his hands were gripping that much tighter.

“Huh? You’re confusing me,” Sapnap said, turning fully to face the blonde. Dream grew more and

more frustrated at the fact that the brunette was going to force him to explicitly say what was happening, force him to explain one of the most painful things he'd have to accept deep in his heart that the person who had brought him down, who cooled his fire, who was his entire world would only ever see him as-

"He doesn't love me how I love him. He- He may want me physically, but- but very clearly it goes no further."

Sapnap fell silent, and Dream didn't dare to look up, almost terrified at what he would see. His best friend would then be caught between the two people he loved most, and it was all because of the blonde's stupidity. Dream's huge mouth rambling on words and sentences laced with lava and intense passion, unable to stop itself in his haste to taste the brunette just once.

Then, Sapnap laughed, a small huff of breath turning into deep rumbling laughs. The taller's blood began to boil over, the inferno of anger and pain now writhing and itching to lash out.

"What the fuck is your deal?" Dream snapped, arms crossing as he blinked away the hot tears forming behind his eyes. He would not let himself cry over this again, he just couldn't do it.

"*You!* Both of you, oh my god, you're such idiots," Sapnap said standing up, not noticing the volcano of emotions spilling over and onto his friend's sheets, spreading and smearing their way across each wall down to where his body was rooted in the mattress.

"For once in your life can you listen to me? Not everything gets a fairytale ending, dumbass, and you *laughing* about it, is making me feel really shitty."

Sapnap turned around in disbelief at the distressed state of the blonde, a look that was unable to comprehend why the blonde was practically shaking with tears threatening to fall over and onto his cheeks.

"Go talk to him. You're the dumbass if you can't see the way he looks at you," Sapnap mumbled, rolling his eyes when Dream stood up shakily.

Why couldn't Sapnap understand that he wasn't going to get his happy ending? Why wouldn't anyone believe him when *he* knew George the best out of anyone else in the entire world? Why wouldn't his head stop pounding and his ears stop ringing or his heart rate stop rising or the blaze sparking more flames in his chest just take a break or-

"Dream, you look fucking crazy right now."

"*I'm* crazy? You're the one who never takes a word I say seriously! You act like you know George better than I do and it's getting on my nerves," Dream shouted, voice raising with each line as Sapnap retaliated back just as harsh.

"I do know him! He's my best friend of course I know him!"

"*He's my world!*"

Despite the flames licking up into his throat, clawing up and out of his mouth in harsh words, there were clear shakes of insecurity and pain clear as day to the brunette. Salty tears had already started painting his face with soft streaks, chest heaving with effort at the strain of his entire future seemingly draining away in front of him.

Sapnap was taken aback at the jump forward, the increase in volume, but his eyes softened when he saw the pain in the green eyes in front of him.

Dream was in love, and so far that he had become blind to anything but the small world he built and fooled himself into thinking was reality.

“I’m going out for the night,” Sapnap started slowly, reaching an arm to the blonde’s forearm when he saw the terror spark behind his eyes. “And you need to sort things out, yeah?”

Dream’s head was spinning, spinning out of orbit into another reality.

“But- But what about us? The three of us? We had all these plans and what will-”

“-Dream,” Sapnap interrupted, resuming eye contact. The taller fell silent, although he couldn’t tell if it were by choice or the mucus clogging his throat from the suppression of cries.

“It’s gonna work out okay? I need you to for once trust me on this one.”

Dream wanted to interject, wanted to scream that nothing would ever be okay, that he would never truly have *his* world back, that they would never be a trio anymore and they’d only have broken shards of their life to cling to desperately.

For once, he didn’t interject. He didn’t cry or whine or yell that nothing would be the same again.

“Okay.”

Burning, burning, burning, burning, melting away at his skin. How long would it be until he was gone?

Perhaps somewhere deep down, he knew the melody was right.

“I trust you.”

It hadn’t been too long since Sapnap left to God knows where, when Dream’s tears had finally (mostly) dried and he was able to scroll on his phone in peace. He avoided Twitter like the plague, a permanent reminder stuck to the device that would taunt him of how he’d gotten into the mess in the first place.

Idly, he thought of Patches, having not seen the cat practically the entire day. She had always been a comfort to him, a sort of safe space to let himself be vulnerable. He’d always apologize when tear splotches fell onto her fur, yet the purrs and mewls of love had always proven she never really minded.

Dream wanted to get up and go look for her, another pointless distraction to get his mind as far away from the angelic brunette always taking up some sort of brain power in the background, always looming just out of sight with his deep-seated cold and frost biting at him. A hand moved to his neck, ghosting where the cool touch had been the night prior, thin and delicate hands shaking under the intensity of the situation dancing across his neck.

He squeezed his eyes shut ripping his hands away, he *knew* he had to talk to George. He knew he did.

But what could he say? How could he say it?

As he dug the heels of his hands into his eyes a knock, much softer than the one he had grown to memorize, rang against his door. The few steady beats of sound reminded him of a far off melody he couldn't quite place, perhaps one he'd heard years ago.

He stood up numbly, knowing who was behind that door. He lingered, his hand above the door knob, aching to rip it open and finally see his angel again.

Maybe he'd finally get answers and close the book on the hopeless game of cat and mouse he continued to play over and over again.

Dream swung the door open and tilted his head down to look at the brunette in front of him. Waves of pain crashed over him at the sight of the boy's slightly puffy eyes, and far too tired face.

George looked drained.

They stood in uncomfortable and terrifying silence, the weight of the world hanging heavy over the pair, neither knowing how to start. He wanted something from the blue boy, he wanted a confession that he was being cruel today, that he was sorry and would run into open arms with prospects of beautiful and pure love, wanting to preserve the equilibrium they found forever and keep it thriving in their bones.

"Where did Sapnap go?"

Dream's chest tightened and his fire became a fury of blaze and cinder.

"Really?" He scoffed, staring at the shorter who was continuing to avoid eye contact with disbelief and shock. "You avoid me all day and you come here to ask me about Sapnap?"

George winces, gripping his arms covered in a blue hoodie before mustering whatever he could out.

"What is there to talk about, Dream?" He hissed, nails digging into himself

Dream let his own hands gesture outwards as he spoke, the fire bubbling and burning pouring over in thick bouts of flames.

"*Everything!* You- You can't just do that and expect us to *not* talk about it. What- What did you want to happen? Everything to go back to normal?"

George brushed past Dream into the blonde's room with a cold muttered response.

"That seems to be what you want, doesn't it?"

Smoke was billowing out of the blonde's every move as his teeth grit. What *he* wanted was to hold George in his arms, cradle him and whisper the sweet confessions that were housed in the furthest part of his mind, he wanted to yell and scream to everyone in sight that George was *his*, he wanted to be surrounded by ice crystals and cold hands against his own burning skin for the rest of his life, he *wanted* George.

He'd never stop wanting George.

"What *I* want? How the fuck would you know what I want when you haven't even bothered to *ask*?"

The words held a bite to them, looped between each curve of the letters was hot magma ready to

burn and take from whatever it pleased. George's hands dug into his sleeves as his own growing temper was about to burst.

"You made it pretty damn obvious with how you talk to me!"

If it weren't for the heat pumping through him, he would've fell to the floor from the weight of his heart shattering in two at that.

"You make it pretty damn obvious, dipshit."

The words Sappnap had said rang through his mind with far too much clarity. The reminder that Dream's deeply held feelings and secrets were so *obvious* to anyone with half a brain killing him slowly with each word.

"And- And you don't want that? You don't want to--"

"No! Of course I don't want it!"

Venom covered each word as Dream's eyebrows knitted together, before noticing the film covering the shorter's deep topaz eyes. The eyes he had fallen in love with without fully understanding how now filled with angst and pain.

Dream had lost. He had lost their game of running around each other seeing who would tip over the line, cross into the threshold of real feelings, *real* emotions, first. His fire had burned too bright, singeing the delicate boy crafted from ice, and melting him away. George could never love him, and he was an idiot for ever fooling himself that he could. The weight of his world falling at his feet and shattering into pieces of glass, never able to be put together again taunted him. Maybe he could've stopped the inevitable, halted the waltz they'd been flowing through over months, hell, years at this point, to stop the never quenched fire in his gut, the lava filling his veins and blood holding his being together. But he didn't. George saw him as a beautiful pass time, a thing to want but never to keep.

But then, why the hell was *George* the one crying?

The blonde let his hazy eyes drag over the seemingly damaged man in front of him, eyes wide with doubt and pain.

"I- I should be the one crying! Not you. Why- Why are you crying?" Dream mustered back, the yell he was trying to maintain, his strong and sturdy demeanor, falling with each loud crack in his timbre, showing each speck of weakness and vulnerability clear as day through. George's eyes blew wide in shock and fury, breathing becoming heavier as he took two steps towards the taller.

"I'm crying because I'm losing the one thing I've ever truly cared about! The one time I ever let myself fall, ever let myself dream for just a split second, it's crushed before me."

Dream's throat grew dry as his pounding heart raced with that of confusion rather than anger.

"What?" He asked exasperated, head throbbing against his skull at the multi-layered tangle of words being thrown at him. George looked like Dream had committed mass arson in front of him, before his fuse finally broke, screams of words that had been bottled up for months spilling out to where the blonde could finally read and tear apart the allusive boy's thoughts.

"I want you! But- But not in the way you do. I want you to- to hold me when I'm crying and tell me it's okay because you're there, I want you next to me on your couch with your arms around me as we watch shitty movies and laugh, I want you holding my hand everywhere we go to show off

to everyone that I'm yours, but- but I *know* you only want me as your best friend who you happen to fuck every so often because you're *bored* or *horny* , and- and I'm just supposed to keep all of this to myself and-

George cut himself off as his breath grew more and more labored chest heaving with each intake and cheeks now covered in a thin shine of tear tracks. Anyone would've said he was a mess, he looked frail and weak and his hair was messed up.

Dream thought he looked beautiful.

The words finally sunk in as he watched the man before him try to recollect his pieces, and Dream's pupils dilated. George wanted him.

George wanted the lazy mornings where they still ached from the night before but were too wrapped up in fluffy white sheets to feel upset, *George* wanted walks to each other's rooms at night to just lay in comfortable silence with each other, *George* wanted shitty fast food at four am because neither of them were tired, *George* wanted to be his and have everyone know it.

George wanted to find temporal balance. *George* wanted to freeze his fire.

Tears sprang to the blonde's running mind as each new revelation of the confession sunk in. He took a step forward to the shaking brunette, hesitantly trying to get whatever he could out.

"You- You thought that I-"

"It was pretty damn obvious when you pretended nothing happened the second Sapnap came home last night."

Dream sputtered, eyes trying to recall *how* he could've possibly made his boy, his *world* feel this in despair. He had no clue how anyone could mistake the pure and unfiltered infatuation he had for the brunette.

George quickly rubbed his eyes, heat flooding to his face as he seemingly recognized the proclamation he had made seconds ago. He moved to walk towards the door swiftly, speaking fast.

"This- This was a mistake, just forget I said anything we can just say nothing-"

"-George-"

"-Really just, *please* pretend I didn't say anything, I didn't mean to and-"

"- *George!* "

Dream stopped the boy in front of his door, hand gripping the shorter's forearm as he pulled him to make eye contact. Both of the pair had messy tears across their faces, hearts bandaged and tattered from the stress their lives had brought upon them.

Dream had kept his love, the beautiful thing he had fostered deep in his heart a secret from even himself for a long time. He decided it was time he knew.

"I've loved you for so long I couldn't tell you when I fell."

The room fell silent, George's tears stiling.

"I've dreamed of being able to wake up and have your head against my chest every single day, I've wanted to explain that when I tell you I love you I mean something so much deeper than you could

fathom, I've wanted to make sure anyone who sees you knows exactly who you belong to never let them get within two feet less they deal with me, I've wanted to be able to kiss you against everything in this goddamn house, on your cheek, against you head, on the kitchen counter while fucking up making pancakes, soft ones on your neck while you're editing just so you know I'm there, I'm--"

Dream cut himself off, hands moving frantically through his confession, before dropping and meeting George's eyes again.

"God, George, I love you so goddamn much it was driving me insane."

The brunette was shaking again, something new in his eyes pulling the blonde in. Dream's breath steadied as George took a step forward.

"You- You love me?" He whispered almost afraid they would disappear if he spoke too loudly.

"So much more than I thought I did," Dream responded just as soft, as more hot tears cascaded down his cheeks. His eyes were filled to the brim with pure unadulterated love. That was something he'd never let himself lose.

George glanced down at the blonde's quaking hands and gently brought his own up to it, spindly fingers sliding closed against the warm tan one. Dream couldn't feel his body apart from where the brunette was touching him.

A small laugh bubbled through the shorter's chest as he stared at their hands' connection. The little shakes of his chest grew to loud ecstatic laughter, and Dream couldn't help but find himself wheezing along with the brunette.

The blonde didn't know when his free hand had slid around the shorter's waist, pulling him in, but it didn't matter as he felt his head pulled down to meet in the middle of a heavenly kiss between them. This time, the euphoria came from the intense love and infatuation the pair had shared, their fire and frost swirling into a beautiful mix of true and beautiful affection.

Dream would never get over his addiction to the brunette's lips, the taste of salty tears complimenting his sweet lips just so. When he pulled away, he let his free hand cup the older man's face, thumb brushing away the tears as George's eyelashes fluttered shut.

"Does this mean I can call you mine now?" Dream said, smile bright as day, shining through fresh tears painting his cheeks.

"You're such an idiot, yes, dumbass," George spoke through shining tears.

George pressed himself up into Dream again, back arching and curving as he pulled the blonde's neck down into a deeper kiss.

Dream had never fully understood how deeply in love he had fallen with his British boy, and he had become okay with the fact that he never would.

The raging fire inside him was desperate to know every detail about his feelings and be able to replicate them with complex thoughts and ideas, however, for the first time, he didn't need to.

The soft melody beating behind his chest had played its full symphony, each instrument finishing its final chord.

Perhaps they didn't need another lifetime. They had already found their equilibrium in the hearts

they first bore them in.

Chapter End Notes

ill see you all for chapter 10 :) <3

[twitter](#)

epilogue

Chapter Summary

He wasn't talking about the stars.

Chapter Notes

i do ask that you read the end notes :) enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“*Stop!* You’re ruining my hoodie, dipshit!” The young blonde whined, shoving the tall man next to her.

“I can get you new ones whenever you want, it doesn’t matter,” Dream wheezed, ruffling the teen’s hair next to him with a mess of white on his hands, only to be swatted away.

George rolled his eyes at the antics and the ingredients strewn messily across the marble counters. He took the cake-mix-covered hands of the taller and moved them to wipe off against his jeans.

“That’s enough of that, unless we want to have nothing left to bake our cake with.”

Dream felt his head whirr as the shorter’s hands moved to interlock with his own, completely disregarding him and his sister’s bickering from the seconds before. There were a few seconds of stillness, the blonde’s pupils wide with infatuation and sweet honey before small fingers pinched his cheek out of his trance.

“Are you two gonna help me or did I come over for no reason?” She said before her hand was pushed away by the taller and a melody of laughs poured from George’s mouth.

“You did say this cake was for us, so maybe we shouldn’t help you,” Dream retorted, leaving one of his hands intertwined with his partner’s, and giving a small laugh.

“Yeah? And you *called* me while in the middle of your ‘George doesn’t love me!’ crisis, I feel like I deserve some compensation here.”

“Oh, fuck off!”

George laughed again, smile beaming with each contraction of his chest, giving a soft squeeze to the larger hand against his own before placing his hands against the dismissed bowl of dry ingredients.

“Okay, okay, enough about Dream being a hopeless romantic, I for one actually want to finish this. Can one of you get the water?”

Dream’s eyes scanned where they left their mess of materials, before laying his eyes on the clean measuring cups and swiping them before turning to the sink.

“How much?”

“One and a fourth cup,” George muttered, back to the blonde, who tried to fill the two measuring cups as best he could without spilling anything onto the already dirty counter. The dull pour of water from the faucet drowned his senses, until he heard soft giggles from the pair behind him, growing into loud laughter and snorts. Dream felt a confused smile grow on his face as he turned around, small cups of water still in his hand.

Dream felt his heart soar, the symphony of the love he’d finally accepted playing at its full volume and drowning out any other sounds. The inferno of emotions and intense fear, ‘why’s and ‘how’s spiraling in his head only adding fuel to the flames burrowing themselves deep in him, having finally become the soft, dim warmth he’d always wanted them to be.

He had turned around to see his younger sister and his boyfriend lost in their own playful world, boxed cake mix halfway in the bowl and halfway spilled onto the counter and their clothes, the white material covering their clothing and hair in spots like snow. George had wiped his hands off onto the shoulder of her black hoodie, causing her to retaliate by throwing a small clump of powder from the counter directly onto his chest, flurries of white filling the air along with the sweet smell of vanilla.

Dream watched the pair laugh, continuing to scoop up mix and toss it with no real aim onto each other, and his chest clenched. This very moment, with his kitchen full of love, curling itself in warm tendrils of bubbling laughter and wide smiles, was something he had considered nothing more than a dream, a dream that would never become a reality. The life he had ached for far longer than even he realized was now his. The realization sunk in far deeper than he had intended it to, as both of the pair turned towards him, goofy smiles stuck to their faces as he could only stare back with astonishment.

He was home. He was *finally* home.

George laughed at the dumbfounded expression on the man, and the subtle wetness acting as a film over his eyes, taking a step towards him.

“Are you okay?” He said, grins still plastered on both his sister’s and his boyfriend’s face. Dream looked down at the brunette now in front of him, before glancing at the teen resting one of her arms on the counter and watching with a smirk.

“I’m just really happy, is all,” Dream mumbled, cloudy vision clearing up as he felt warmth brewing just under his eyes. George sighed, hand sliding up to cup the taller man’s cheek, thumb gently rubbing away the wetness.

“Idiot,”

Dream laughed at that, smile growing as he couldn’t help but pour into the beautiful deep eyes in front of him, wanting to memorize each and every shade difference outlining his pupil. He could almost see the love behind them, the overwhelming sense of belonging and hope.

He haphazardly set down the measuring cups on the island behind him, using one hand to pull George into a soft kiss, lips brushing over each other almost causing another wave of tears to form.

Dream would never get over the heaven that was kissing his boyfriend, vanilla and cream amounting his lips and sending chills across his arms. It was something akin to warm bread, early mornings enwrapped in clean sheets and someone tucked at your side, drowsy spooning with firm arms locking and keeping something precious away from the cruelty of the world.

George pulled away, the elation in his eyes never ceasing. Dream had to force himself to tear his eyes from the angel in his arms when a head nodded in his peripheral.

His sister was still there, this time her smile laced with pride, for she had seen some of the worst ache come to those who would never deserve it. He glanced at the bowl on the counter, still waiting to be finished, then back to all of the trio's cake mix stained clothes.

"Can we finish this?" She spoke softly, almost afraid to touch or harm the soft air. George nodded, pressing a chaste kiss just above his jaw.

"Enough sappy shit, let's do this, yeah?"

As the brunette turned back and Dream picked up the small measuring cups, he'd noticed the smallest bit of water that had spilled over the top.

Dream took them all the same, back to the countertop where the two others had begun measuring out vegetable oil and shrugged.

Not like it needed to be perfect. Ingredients never truly needed to be exact or perfect on their own, he'd realized that would be quite impossible, but when they came together at the right time and with the right others, sometimes they'd create something beautiful.

The air was soft, more humid than the brunette was used to, but the calm wind helped balance out the moisture ridden night. The sun had set hours earlier, and the moon and stars made up the expanse of the sky, giving all the light the pair needed.

They were sitting up, George sprawled over the taller's lap with his hands and head against his chest, trying to will his own heart to fall into the same fiery rhythm as the blonde's. One of Dream's hands was squeezing his waist intermittently, having been slid just underneath bunched white fabric, while the other was gently combing through brown waves, able to smell soft lavender conditioner from the position.

Neither were attempting to fall asleep, or do much more than soak up each other's presence, becoming drunk on the sleepy sounds and hushed voices in what was now their room.

"Cake was good," George mumbled, shifting upwards in the blonde's lap to lay against his collarbones and shoulder. "She's very sweet, you know."

Dream let out a huff of a laugh, not daring let out anything more and risk the beautiful balance they had built.

"Yeah, until she starts exposing me."

George laughed at that, rumbles passing through both of their chests with the motion.

"I mean, were you ever going to tell me you made a stan account to thirst over me?"

"*First* of all, I didn't 'thirst' over you, I was just *looking* at-"

"-At fanart of us, like, kissing?"

George let out another chorus of laughs, curling in further to Dream's chest as the arm around his waist pulled tighter.

"I was gonna tell you *eventually*," Dream murmured back, face lit a deep red as he turned his gaze downward at the cheeky boy in his arms.

The cheeky, beautiful, icy, *incredible* boy that was *his* in his arms.

George turned his head, snickers that held no malice dying off as he did, and peered at the moon. There was a moment of silence, a beat, before the brunette was sliding off of his partner and to his feet, staring at the french doors across the room, silk drapes making the night just out of reach.

"What are you-"

Before Dream could finish the sentence, his arm was being pulled up and off their bed, stumbling towards the wide doors. George pulled back the curtains and cool air flooded into the room. Dream watched the angel step onto the small balcony and press his hands against the railing.

The blonde hesitantly moved forward, following the shorter's eyeline up towards the stars, each one doing its job of lighting the night sky.

"Beautiful night," George hushed. Dream took a step forward, hands gripping the cool metal tightly, looking back at the brunette's eyes, transfixed up towards the sky.

"Yeah."

He wasn't talking about the stars.

"Breathtaking."

Dream watched delicate fingers dance across the banister, subtly curving with each breath and movement of his arms. He remembered countless sleepless nights, dreaming of what those hands would look like around his face, tugging on milky white sheets, tenderly resting in their place against his own palm, grounding him and bringing him back to balance.

If he could go back and tell the helpless person he had been before that he didn't have to wish to wake up entangled with George, didn't have to wish to know what his hips and thighs looked like with deep bruises littering them, didn't have to wish his fire would be tamed, he knew the old Dream, the scared boy he was, would've never believed him.

George noticed the eye contact, and let his own drag away from the night, fingers moving the twindle with the blonde's large hand, before slowly squeezing them closed together, coy and tender smile resting against his cheeks.

"You know, I've always loved the stars because I imagined they'd look like your freckles."

Dream swallowed thickly, eyes wide at the honeysuckle sweetness in his boyfriend's voice.

"I'm glad you like my freckles then."

The brunette leaned closer, hand squeezing within the taller's grip.

"I think it's a compliment to the stars, actually."

Without another murmur, George leaned in for a slow and languid kiss, time becoming a mush of inconsistent beats for their creating. The kiss was like syrup, rich and sweet, lasting much longer

than needed, but being precisely what anyone wanted.

Neither wanted to pull away, but when Dream did, it was as slow and as precious as they came together.

George let his free hand slide to his partner's chest, eyebrows furrowed together, faces still barely apart.

"I love you, Dream," He whispered, hot breath falling onto the cheeks of the taller, still curved downward.

Dream's heart pounded, the soft words that had only been spoken beneath dim lighting and shaky breaths, lost in the midst of euphoria and love, being told in such a raw and delicate way sent him reeling.

"I love you too, George," Dream whispered back, lips touching as they moved.

This time, Dream pushed past the few centimeters of space left and molded their mouths together a second time, moonlight showering them in a hazy glow.

The melody of doubt, once ridden in fear, he had heard a long time ago was no longer a plague. It no longer burnt him up, leaving him in a haze of confusion until he was finally gone, it no longer held 'what's and 'why's over his head, it no longer screamed at him in anger and frustration at the feelings he held at his core.

No, instead, it continued its song of beauty and delicate, passionate love, far deeper than he'd ever fully understand.

And with a beautiful boy in his arms, *his* beautiful boy, for once, he had made peace with it, and became the equilibrium he had once sought after.

Chapter End Notes

all i can truly say is thank you. when i started writing back in january, i had never expected the rapid growth and support, specifically on this work, and seeing it continue to build has just been overwhelming and truly amazing. as im typing this, this work has just over 14k hits, and that number is so bonkers to me to even try to think about.

i want to also mention something important about this work i hadn't in the beginning. while crafting the outline for this work, i was inspired by an extremely skilled and amazing artist [rasian](#), by their valentine's day dnf piece [here](#). the art and lookalike pictures from the very first chapter is heavily based on this, and in chapter 9, i used one of the slides as a reference for hand positioning. i highly, highly suggest you check out their art, they truly blow me away every single time i see their work, and having the honor of using their art as inspiration has been nothing short of amazing. :)

for the last time i wanna say, thank you for the love and support throughout this entire journey, and i hope you loved reading it as much as i did writing it. i hope you look forward to my future works, and enjoy all the other ones i have up right now. it's been a ride! <3

<3 fia

small edit: a dear friend made a quote bot on twitter, so if you'd like hourly quotes from this fic follow [this account](#)
:]

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Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!